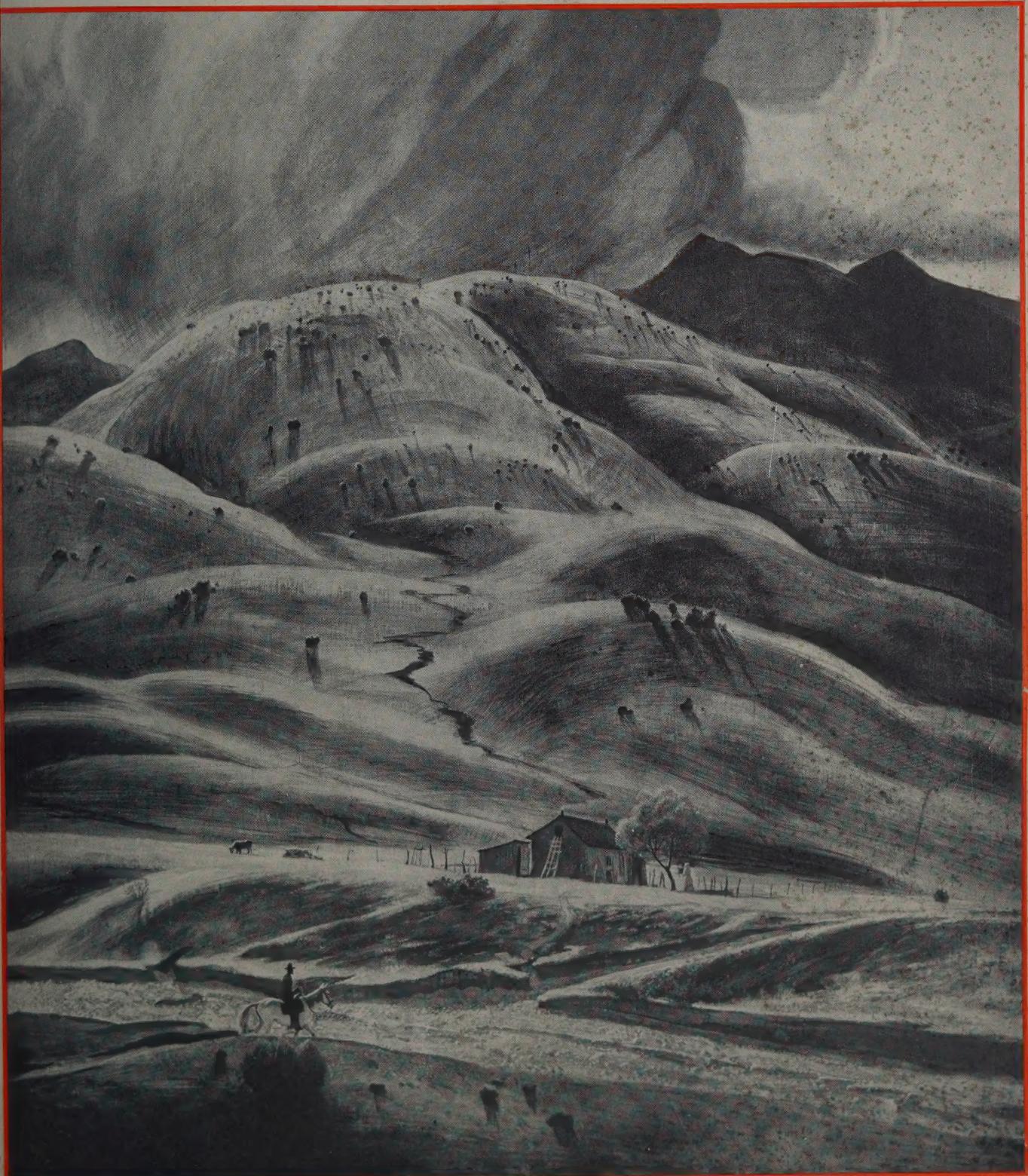


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THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

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PREVIOUS ISSUES LISTED IN "ART INDEX" AND "THE READER'S GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE"

CONTRIBUTORS

BECAUSE THEY HAD nothing to do with his life as an artist, **Peter Hurd**, did not mention two items which turn out to be too good to keep: (1) When he first arrived at Haverford he mistook a pleasant building for the home of the president of the Quaker college. He approached it to discover on the porch several gentlemen sipping juleps. A grinning steward set him right. It was the Merion Cricket Club! (2) At Roswell, N. M., he has organized a poor man's polo team. Two members are on WPA but still have horses. Grazing is cheap out there.

FOR THE FIRST time since it was started about thirty years ago the MacDowell Colony at Peterborough, N. H., has had to suspend operations this summer due to the damage caused by the hurricane of last September. **Carl Carmer's** article tells



CARL CARMER

without sentimentality what kind of a place the colony is. Mr. Carmer is best known for his books *Stars Fell on Alabama* and *Listen for a Lonesome Drum*. A new book on the Hudson, one of the celebrated river series, was published on June 26. Incidentally Mrs. MacDowell and the trustees of the Colony are making an appeal for funds to clear up the damage and make reopening next season possible.

A YEAR AGO **Charles Seeger** contributed an article, "Music in America," which redounded to the Magazine's, as well as Mr. Seeger's, glory. In this issue he begins a series dealing with the outstanding living American composers. Some of the articles will be written by the composers themselves. This month Mr. Seeger treats briefly of the musical background from which they emerge. Ives and Ruggles, the two "grand old men" of contemporary American music were born in the 1870's. The former lives in West Redding, Connecticut; the latter, in Arlington, Vermont. Readers requiring still more factual material about them are referred to the following articles: (1) "An American Innovator, Charles Ives," by Goddard Lieberson in *Musical America* for February 10, 1939; and (2) "Carl Ruggles," by Charles Seeger in *Musical Quarterly* for January, 1933.

Emily Joseph was formerly art and music editor on the *San Francisco Journal*. She has contributed articles on art to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and done articles for *Creative Art*, the *Westminster Gazette* and *Kunst und Architektur*.

IN REPLY TO our request for information about himself for this page **Paul F. Jacobsthals** replied succinctly: "'P. F. Jacobsthals, M. A., F. B. A., F. S. A., University Reader in Celtic Archaeology, Ch. Ch. and C. C. C. Lecturer, Christ Church, Oxford.' I think that will do. There will be no need of 'The portrait of the author as a young man.' It sounds rather academic in spots but it tells the story.

AS YOU WILL gather from his article, **Clarence J. Laughlin** of New Orleans has been at work for some time on the gathering of a photographic record of his own city. We have used some of his photographs in the past. Other prints by him have been published in photographic annuals. Houghton Mifflin is to issue a book of his work in the autumn. Mr. Laughlin's chief interest is clear, but by its very nature it is not sustaining. He works for the government, making his photographs before and after hours and over the week-ends.

THIS MONTH THE New York exhibitions have been covered by **Howard Devree** alone. Although the New York World's Fair has been definitely bad for the show business and has not been of the expected help to a summer music season the museums and dealers' galleries of Manhattan seem to be experiencing no summer lull. Exhibitions of better than usual summer quality keep Mr. Devree on the run for *The New York Times* and the **MAGAZINE OF ART**.

OF THIS MONTH'S book reviewers two have written for the Magazine before: **Eduard Buckman**, "With Canadian Pioneers" (September, 1937), and **Henry Kreis**, "A Sculptor Speaks" (November, 1938). **Prentiss Taylor**, painter and print-maker, is a newcomer to our pages but has reviewed numerous books for the *Washington Post*.

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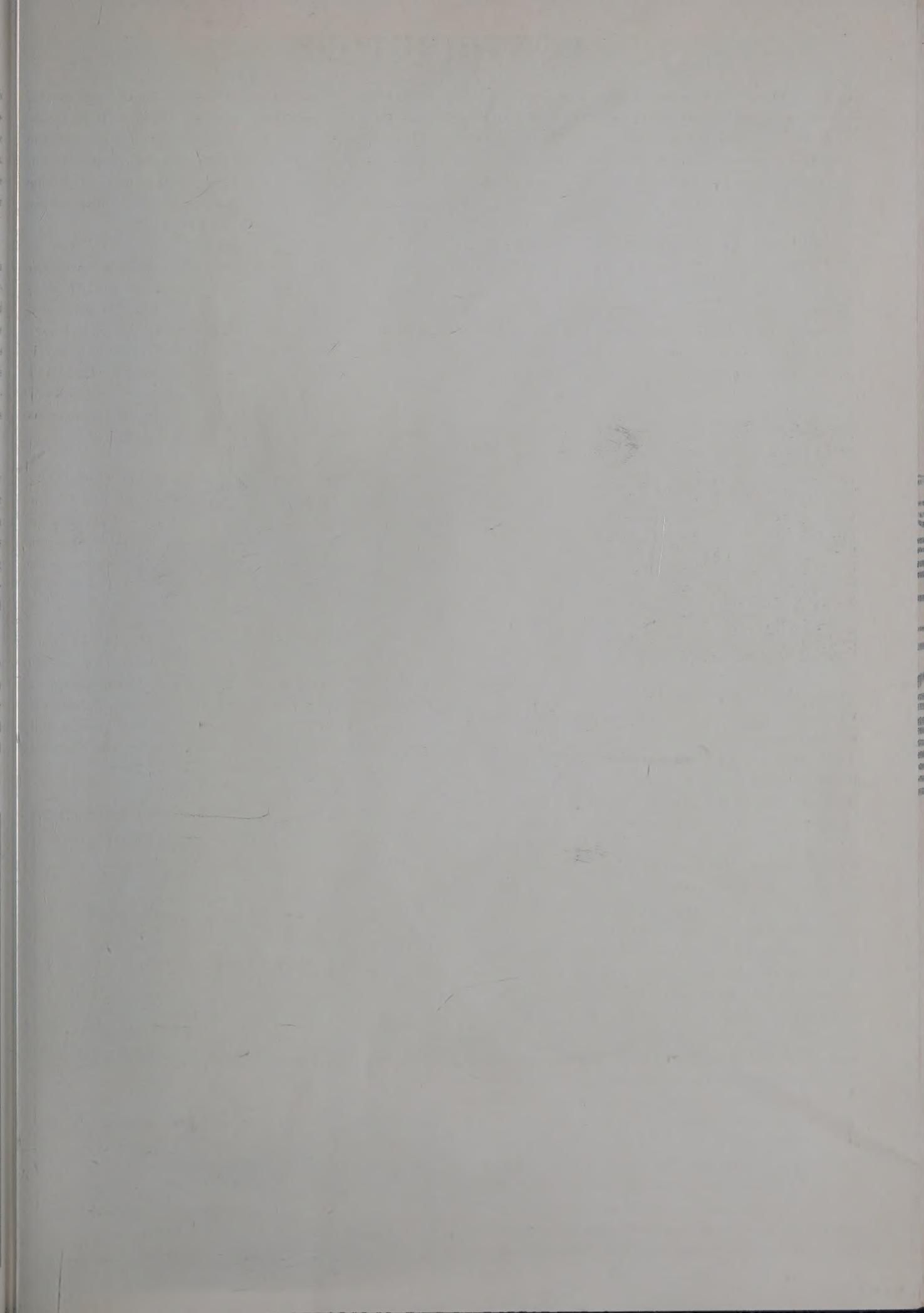
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REMBRANDT: ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST. A RECENT ADDITION TO THE COLLECTION OF THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

THE ARTIST'S AMBITION

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT has done for artists by the scope, generosity and foresight of its relief art program, what it has done by its non-relief program, is beyond immediate measurement. Born in the early emergency pump-priming days, the programs have rescued creative spirits, spread education, produced work of which the country will be proud for generations to come. The record of one part of the programs, the non-relief, is on the walls of our public buildings there to be studied and judged by the people at their leisure. The record of the relief art program is far less accessible and more complex. Its scope is gigantic, its problems incomprehensible to the petty-minded. Comment upon it, to be valid, must recognize that its aims also are proof of America's will to advance our civilization toward higher realms. We have often discussed the non-relief art program. This is a discussion of the relief art program and of its effect on the true artist's ambition to go ever forward in the enrichment of his expression.

We cannot rest upon our oars. Great accomplishments demand still greater ones. The day of reorganization is here. If relief for artists is to be permanent it must be examined not only in the light of its strong initial impulse, not only in the light of the best that it has done, but also with an eye to its errors and their possible correction. Calm analysis must succeed active enthusiasm if the good things of art relief are to be preserved and developed and the undermining influences removed. Let us examine the weaknesses of this complex and important movement, not in a spirit of niggling but to see if cures for possible ailments are available. These ailments touch upon the artist's ambition, his valor, his will to live as an artist. We have heard about them in recent hearings.

Many hold the belief that if enough people contradict each other the truth will be forced into the light. Some such theory seems to have colored several of the countless statements made lately for and against the Government's relief art program. We have watched the proceedings with intense interest, wondering how closely they would approach an ideal solution. On the one side we heard attacks too bitter to have value. On the other we have heard that the entire cultural life of the country depends on maintaining the relief of artists at whatever cost to other citizens. Not much was said about the state of mind developed in artists by years of relief. Do they become more demanding, more protesting, less productive? And if so, why? Or is there a long list of men and women whose progress as artists has been so stimulated by the relief program that the good work done by them far outbalances all the bad work done by the ungifted? Have the opportunities for artists of talent been undermined by the relief employment as artists of men and women who belong in other fields of work?

We ask these questions not because we expect them to be answered by those bitter reactionaries who deny the astounding accomplishments, educational, productive, human, of the Government's relief art program. Nor do we expect an answer much nearer the truth from those uncritically charitable souls who dream that if the Government spends enough money it will somehow succeed in creating talent. No laws and no

government can do that. All that can be done is to give talent opportunities. And this leads us again to the problem which is unsolvable, as we have said, either by bitterness or by sentimentality. What, if any, are the obligations of a relief program to sustain the artist's normal ambitions?

Relief, in its application to art, creates for those in the business of applying it, obligations of a high order. The possibility of maladjustment, of undermining real artists by supporting false artists, is serious. Such problems cannot be solved by ferreting out mistakes inevitable in an immense national undertaking. Nor can they be solved by putting into practice the truth that in so rich a country no one should be allowed to starve.

But who, we should like to know, has the divine right to say what man is an artist and what man not? There is no such power. Nevertheless, because no such divine power exists, does it mean that no effort should be made to raise standards, sharpen criticism, stimulate courage? Does it mean that, failing divinity, men must cease to exercise their powers of judgment? Suppose we could set up a world in which the artist were the sole judge of his own worth, a world in which all others, though deprived of the right to judge, retained the right to pay taxes for his support. We wonder how long his courage would last in such a world, how soon he would feel a stranger to those who since they were not allowed to judge would refuse to look, how soon his mind and muscles would become so soft that art bored him and demanding and protesting became his one occupation.

Always there should be the stimulation of rivalry, competition, criticism as in other human affairs. An art project which does not inspire its workers to their utmost is not merely dead wood—it is a live enemy tending to soften appreciation, dilute courage, falsify education. Whatever happens through a Government art program, whether relief or non-relief, something is lacking in its inwards if it does not stimulate the artist's ambition to go forward, to face the judgment of other persons, to accomplish great things, to escape from relief. To recline in relief is to go soft and lose hope, to be content to be little. To fight for escape is the first proof of the artist's sincerity and valor.

Walter Lippmann's appeal, "The American Destiny," (*Life*, June 5) has special point at this particular moment when the first youth of the art relief program has passed and the artists are up for examination. The concluding paragraph reads:

"The American people will move forward again, and feel once more the exhilaration and the confidence that have made them what they are, when they allow themselves to become conscious of their greatness, conscious not only of their incomparable inheritance but of the splendor of their destiny. Then the things that seem difficult will seem easy, and the willingness to be equal to their mission will restore their confidence and make whole their will." In a world restored to health it is quite possible that a relief art program will become superfluous and that men of talent, ambition and courage will find a natural outlet for their work.—F. W.



PETER HURD: EVENING IN THE SIERRA

PAINTER OF NEW MEXICO

BY PETER HURD

ONE OF MY earliest memories as a youngster is of standing under a cottonwood tree on my father's farm in New Mexico one morning in winter and looking west across the prairies to the blue sierras beyond. In the clear, winter sky the waning moon was setting over the Sierra Capitán. Our small, irrigated farm lay on the outskirts of the town of Roswell and beyond the cottonwood was the unbroken plain extending to the foothills of the mountains sixty miles away. At wide intervals were cattle ranches which were like tiny islands on a vast, calm sea. There is something about my memory of that moment—the color and the light and the remoteness of it in space that makes me believe it was one of the things that influenced me to become a painter. For one as unpracticed in writing as I it is difficult to put the precise shade of meaning in so subtle a thing. Perhaps what I mean to say is that from that memory and others like it I knew, even then as a boy of five or six, that there was about that land for me something very special and strangely exciting. Not that I was in the least precocious with brush or pencil—my brother and I daubed and smeared with water color like other children on those rare days when rain kept us indoors.

Roswell, when I was born there thirty-five years ago, was a sleepy little cow-town of eighteen hundred people, relatively important, however, as the third largest town in the territory of New Mexico. Hundreds of enormous cottonwoods lined its absurdly wide, unpaved streets and at mid-day all business ceased and its population, half Mexican and half American,

drowsed for an hour while the mirages shimmered on the plains. The Americans were mostly from Texas, but the other southern states were also well represented. Northerners, like my father, who had emigrated from Boston in the nineties, were in the minority. The Protestant churches mostly attended by the American population were the Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian. So bitter was the remembrance of the War between the States that each of these denominations was represented by two churches. There was, for instance, a great square, gaunt brick structure with incongruous Greek columns which was the First Baptist Church, South, and one block away was a much smaller building of adobe and wood: the First Baptist Church, North.

Of the arts there was very little known and so far as I remember no practitioners except an old lady who was my mother's dressmaker. Mrs. Beaver made "handpainted pictures" in flaming oil colors of such subjects as *The Forest Fire*, *Rosy Sunset*, etc., which were memories, in part at least, of her early home in East Texas. Her works lined the walls of her tiny house and I remember studying them long and admiringly while my mother's dresses were fitted. Taos and Santa Fé were unknown as art centers then and even had they been it is questionable whether we in our part of the Territory would have heard anything of them. After all, when I was born the last of the Apache Indians had been quelled and put on the Reservation only twenty years or so before. The community was still too near the frontier in time, too concerned

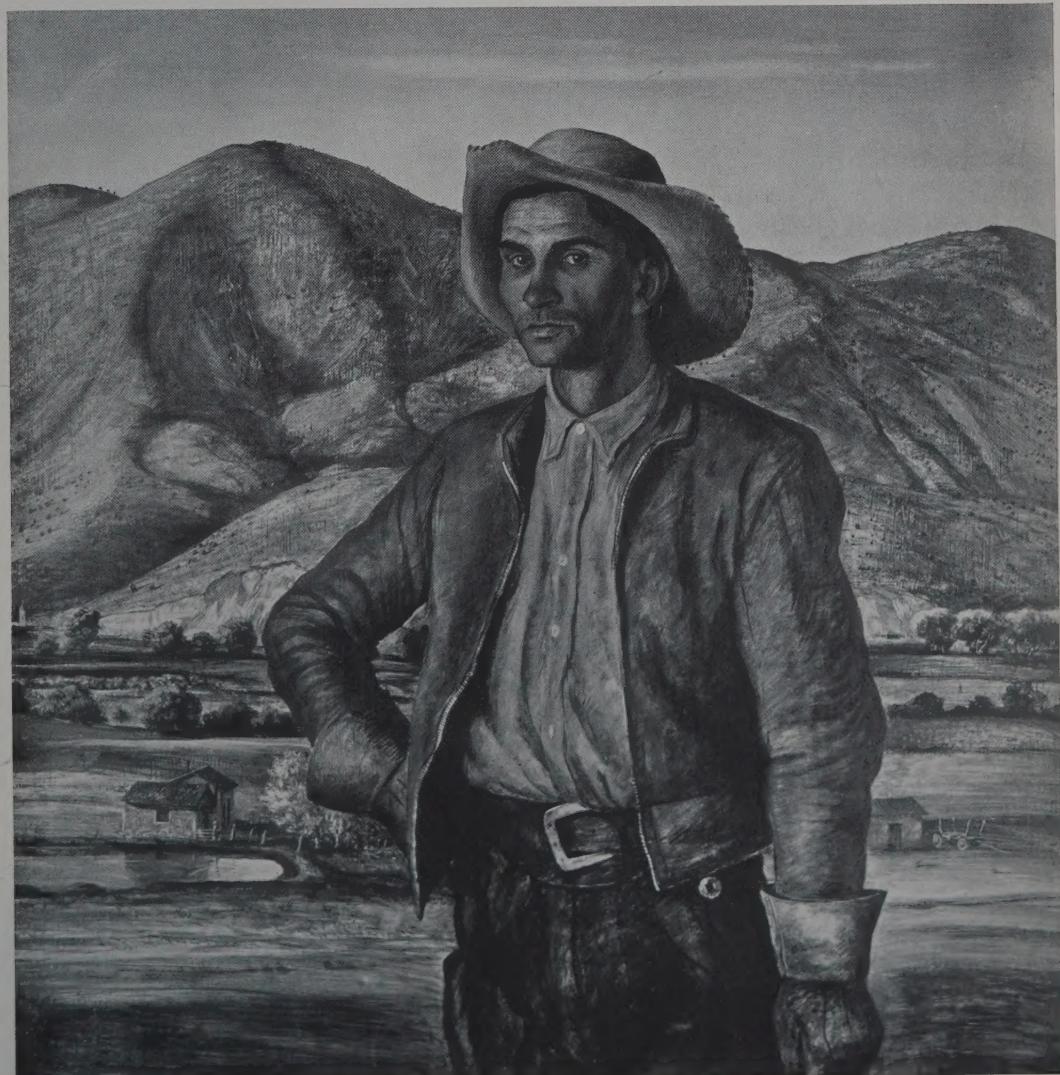
with its own growth to have the least interest in any of the fine arts.

There was but one exception and that was the Hagerman family. They had come from New York with a large fortune and the dream of building a great agricultural empire with irrigation in that part of the Pecos Valley. Mr. Hagerman was a collector of books and paintings and when he bought the South Spring Ranch and built the large, brick manor house in a grove of cottonwoods, he moved his entire collection out there. This house, as unlike a ranch home of that period as anything could be, was surrounded by wide lawns, rose gardens, an orchard, a vineyard and a tennis court. These grounds, which were kept immaculate by Mexicans working under a Scotch gardener, extended right to the edge of the arid plains. Peacocks roamed the lawns and a tall fountain jetted into a circular pool. Inside the house was a world absolutely unique in that land and time. In the paneled library were hundreds of volumes—history, biography, art, travel and romance. In the dining room there hung a portrait of Pauline Bonaparte painted from life; in the hall were two sculptured busts of the Emperor, one in white marble, like an ancient Roman, and the other in bronze, wearing a cocked hat and a great coat. I tell of this house not merely because of its uniqueness there, but because knowing it well (Mrs. Hagerman was my god-

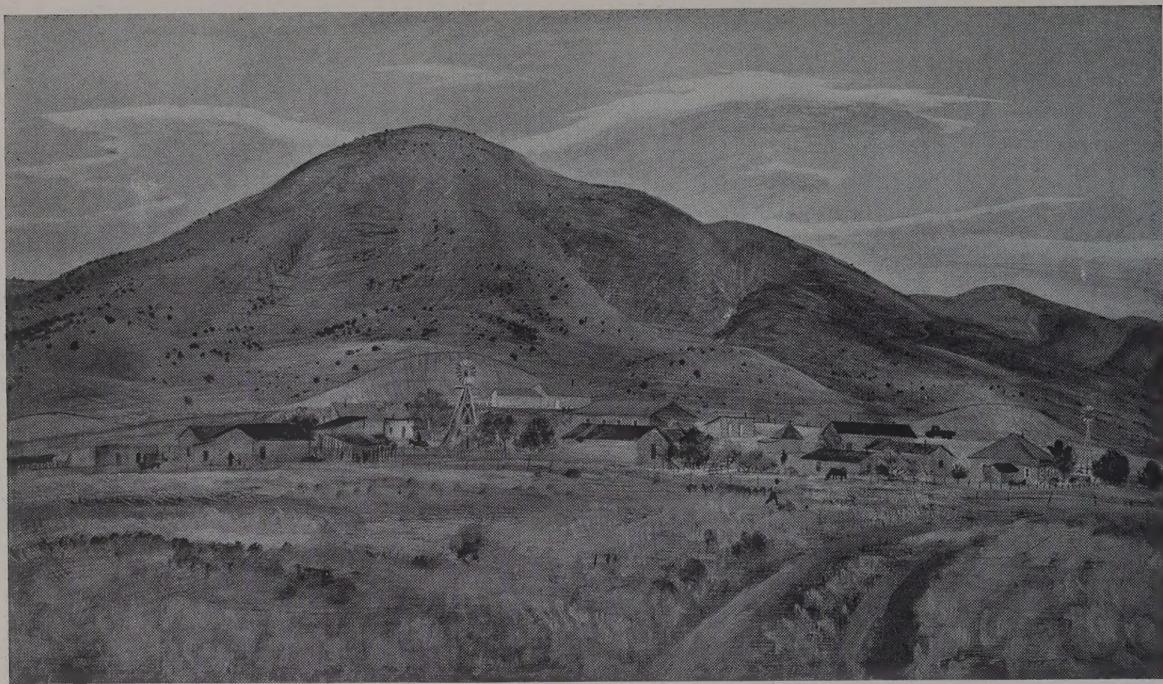
mother) it had a strong effect upon my imagination. It was really the only evidence of a world beyond the seemingly boundless prairie that I knew until I first went east one summer to visit relatives on the Maine coast.

My schooling began as a day pupil of the local convent school and there for five years I was taught by the nuns of the Order of Saint Francis of Assisi. I read avidly at this time, books of our own, books from the school and others from the Hagerman's library. My schoolmates were many of them Mexicans and from them and the farm hands I learned to speak Spanish as fluently as English. I remember making an elaborate trade with a Mexican brat named Juan Gamboa, whereby for thirty rides on my pony, Violeta (named for the noble charger in Conan Doyle's *Adventures of Gerard*), I would own a marvelous book he owned, written in Spanish and illustrated with splendid steel engravings. The name of the book I forget, but I well remember trudging home each noon for a month, while Juan rode Violeta.

About this time began the Mexican Revolution of Francisco I. Madero, which indirectly had a bearing on my life. As the Revolution progressed and amplified, the feeling of apprehension increased in the border states and finally with Villa's raid on Columbus, New Mexico, in 1916, the war spirit reached a high pitch. In New Mexico men were talking inter-



PETER HURD:
JOSE HERRERA.
PAINTED 1938



PETER HURD: RANCHERIA. RECENTLY PURCHASED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

PETER HURD: RIVER AND CANAL





PETER HURD: LANDSCAPE WITH POLO PLAYERS

vention and thousands of American troops were massed on the border. In Roswell was a dashing battery of field artillery drawn by handsome, matched percherons. The State Military Institute was located there also, and these two combined to give the town a very martial appearance. All the young men of any mettle belonged to the battery and openly longed to invade Old Mexico.

To me as a boy of twelve there was nothing about all this but high romance. There were near us no evidences of the horrors of war; no homeless and hungering refugees, or destroyed homesteads to give the other side of the picture. And so to me the soldier's profession seemed the most exciting and desirable possible. I used to ride out to the firing range on the Diamond A ranch to watch the battery practice and I remember the roar and the smell of the cannon, the puffs of white smoke where shrapnel burst in the clear air over Capitán. Once my brother led Violeta back while I mounted a limber to ride with the cannoneers, sitting as they did, facing the rear, arms folded. I felt then that I must be a soldier!

After three years in the New Mexico Military Institute

which took me through high school I got an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point, entering with the class of 1925 in July, 1921. But West Point I found to be very different from the way I had envisioned it. I was pulled abruptly out of romance and confronted with the grim task of making passing grades. Mathematics became a terrifying wilderness to me and in spite of my two room-mates' generous tutoring under a blanket-shrouded lamp, long after taps, I failed in this subject in June, 1922. I had one chance to go on at the Academy and that was of taking a re-examination at the end of a three-months' leave. So after a summer of study at Camp Devens, Massachusetts, I again took examinations, three of them, lasting eight hours each, at Fort Strong in Boston Harbor. Somehow they were passed and I received a telegram from the War Department ordering me to report again for duty at West Point. Back I went, but with mixed feelings, for the idea of being an artist had been growing in my mind.

During my first year at West Point I had bought a tin box of oil colors in neat tubes with a selection of brushes, including



PETER HURD: U. S. HIGHWAY 70

a "badger blender"—whatever that is. Also included was a pamphlet of instructions on how to paint pictures in oil. It contained, I remember, among other useful things, a description of how to paint moonlight—the colors to mix for sky, moon, trees, rocks, etc. I painted a view of the north guard house at night with a huge, full moon above (Naples yellow with Cremnitz white) and sold it for ten dollars to Major P. C. Kalloch, the regular army officer commanding my cadet company. Painting, I began to realize, was an exciting and infinite world and I worked hard at it in all of my meagre spare time. My subjects were my fellow cadets in their immaculate uniforms, the broad shining Hudson, Crow Nest Mountain and in honesty to fact some careful copies of very stupid and garish magazine covers.

So by the end of the second year my mind was made up to resign from West Point in order to follow painting as a career. Clearly the excitement and absorption I had sought in the army didn't exist there for me. In painting I had found something which not only took the place of this, but revealed a new world besides. My father gave his reluctant consent to my resignation (I was then nineteen) making me promise, however, that I would finish college somewhere.

One morning toward the end of June just twenty-four months after I had landed there I took the ferry across the Hudson to Garrison. Of course it was a big moment and I was well aware that I was leaving a life where meals, clothing, quarters, medical care and a salary were all a certainty. As I thus reflected, the trill of a bugle drifted across the calm river

and I wondered how it would be to answer bugles and drums no more. And in spite of all, inexplicably a great sadness came over me. I was also leaving behind me some close friends and a flock of vivid memories; some of these memories were of things near the tragic in their outcome, others of happenings so ludicrous that even now, sixteen years later, I laugh out loud at the remembrance of them.

While at West Point I had read an article in an old *Century Magazine* by Dr. Christian Brinton about Haverford College, in which was described just the sort of college I wanted, since I had agreed to go. It was evidently a small, quiet, scholarly place outside the city and being Quaker, a place above all where long hours would not be spent cleaning rifles, polishing breast plates and performing the evolutions of infantry close order drill.

Having much outgrown my one suit of civilian clothing as it lay stored away at West Point I arrived at Haverford to make preparations for entering there still wearing cadet gray—a strange figure certainly in that Quaker atmosphere.

The father of one of my schoolmates at Haverford was a friend of Mr. N. C. Wyeth's and early in 1924 I went to Chadds Ford to see him, bearing a letter of introduction. I had never talked to an artist before and after three fleeting hours in his studio I resolved to begin studying seriously soon. In Wyeth's studio I saw the glowing originals of the illustrations for *The Mysterious Island*, *King Arthur* and *The Mysterious Stranger*—those very books and pictures which I had known as a boy. Next day I remembered leaving his studio in a sort

of walking-on-air trance, but I had no recollection of that train ride back to college.

It is to Wyeth that I owe everything in my early development. In spite of those dreadful examples of my work which I took to show him and my complete ignorance of the things any beginning art student should know, he yet felt there was a chance for me. Breaking the rule he had made of taking no more pupils, he decided to allow me to go to Chadds Ford for that summer to work under him. I rented a studio in the loft of an ancient wheelwright shop for the summer and boarded at a nearby farmhouse. At first I worked at still life and learned the absorbing fascination of following the shifts of color and value on an earthenware jug or an orange on a pewter plate against a draped white sheet. This was alternated with landscape study and thus the summer seemed to fly away. In the fall, after a successfully eloquent letter from Wyeth to my father pleading that I be released from my promise to finish college, I entered the school of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. There I studied in antique and life classes and attended the to me misleading lectures until the following summer, when again I went to Chadds Ford, this time to study composition as well as landscape and still life.

The composition classes, modeled after those of the Howard Pyle school, were held each Friday night in Wyeth's studio. Drawings in charcoal were submitted, one or two apiece, by the four or five members of the class, and each in its turn was criticized by Mr. Wyeth. Those nights were always most exciting occasions and there was often so much discussion that when we of the class had finally rolled up our drawings and begun to walk across the dewy meadows to the various farms where we lived it was long past midnight.

• • •

TIME HAS SPED since those days when I lived alone in a stone barn which Wyeth had formerly converted into a studio for himself. I worked long hours at landscape, illustration, still-life and portrait studies, living by commissions originally given Wyeth, but which he had passed on to me, at the same time guaranteeing the client a good job. To fulfill this guarantee it was quite often necessary for him to spend an hour or two on the illustration after I had finished, to carry it to a point of sufficient quality. This he always did while I looked on and since he talked about the changes he was making as he worked, this was an important phase of his teaching.

Gradually less effort on his part was necessary until finally the illustrations went through regularly without his actually working on them. My warm friendship with Wyeth has continued steadily and now when a large project looms I always talk it over with him to have the benefit of his experience and good judgment.

In June, 1929, I married Henriette, eldest of the three Wyeth daughters, herself a painter. On our wedding trip we went to my old home in New Mexico, returning in the fall to a farm near Chadds Ford. Then began a period of illustrating, mostly juvenile books for Scribner's, McKay, Doubleday-Doran and others, until the depression cut down severely on the demand for illustrations in color. But meanwhile I was continuing at painting, exploring deeper into landscape and portrait. It was at this point that I began to experiment with gesso panels which seem better adapted than canvas to my way of painting. Later with the helpful advice of Mr. Fred Weber of Philadelphia, I began using the egg tempera technique and on occasion combined it with oil according to what the subject seemed to require. On various trips to the interior of Mexico I had been much stirred by the work of the Mexican muralists; experimenting with mural painting myself I was excited to find how egg tempera adapted itself to this field.

In 1933 came an opportunity I had been longing for; a commission which would take me back to my native land. The New Mexico Military Institute gave me the task of designing and executing a mural triptych in one of the new buildings. In doing this work I chose the medium of egg tempera painted directly on the plaster walls to which I had previously applied a coat of gesso. At the completion of the triptych, the P.W. A.P., then in its beginning as forefather of federal art patronage, authorized me to continue the decoration of the room, which was architecturally suited for an encircling frieze. My original plan had embraced the decoration of the entire room, so I was all ready with subject and material for another panel, this one nineteen feet long by eight feet high. The next year state funds paid for the completion of two more panels. The theme I used deals with the three dominant racial stocks of New Mexico—the aboriginal, Spanish and Anglo-Saxon—the pageant of their conflicts and changing relationships through the centuries. With the final panel the sequence is to emerge into the present-day life of the school and the State. My wife was with me in New Mexico at this time and then as later

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PETER HURD: CARTOON OF MURAL FOR THE POST OFFICE AT BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS

CHARLES IVES AND CARL RUGGLES

BY CHARLES SEEGER

AMERICAN MUSIC seems to be showing signs of coming of age. By "coming of age" I mean to say that of the three essential strands making up our art of music two have completely severed the umbilical cords which bound them to Europe, and have achieved, each in its own way, character distinctly American and twentieth century. Our folk music must have come to maturity several generations ago. Our popular music, from eminently worthy beginnings a hundred years ago, has now, in the current forms of jazz and swing, taken the world by storm. And with the work of Charles Ives and Carl Ruggles (roughly 1900-1932), the third strand—composition of fine art music—shows belated signs of "arriving" and so of filling out the picture of a well-rounded art of music in America—an art both at home with itself and able to take its place in the history of world music.

In the music of these two men, the cord leading back to Europe is cut, but not yet entirely severed. Characteristics distinctly American are clearly evident. But the full character of an American fine art of music is foreshadowed rather than achieved. The names of Ives and Ruggles have often been linked by European as well as by American critics. A number of the former have hailed their work as the first sign of the emergence of an American fine art of music.

Both men are of New England descent. Ives comes from Danbury, Connecticut, and Ruggles from New Bedford, Massachusetts. Both are in their early sixties. They received all their musical training in America—Ives under Horatio Parker at Yale, Ruggles under John Knowles Paine at Harvard. Neither has led a "normal" professional life. Ives has made a prominent success in the insurance business in New York City, composing in almost perfect solitude as far as contacts with professional musical life were concerned. Ruggles, after an initial adventure in orchestra conducting in Winona, Minnesota, and at the old Rand School in New York, has retired under private patronage (since about 1919) from active participation in professional affairs. Probably as much time as Ives gives to his business Ruggles spends in painting somewhat unusual water colors and oils, which sell rather well.

Ives and Ruggles have a profoundly emotional approach to their composition. Each is ever sensible of the grandeur of the works of the continental masters from Bach to Brahms and Wagner. Both are intellectuals in the commonly accepted sense of the term. Their approach is, however, esthetic—entirely free of domination by any of the academic disciplines. Both continue the tendency of late romantic music toward the extremely complex tonal fabric. Apparently neither was ever touched by the simplifying puritanical innovations of Erik Satie, which through the work of his musical descendants have become known as "neo-classicism." Thus both have written extremely dissonant music which is on the whole very difficult of performance. Neither man has pushed his work in the customary manner, but rather both have seemed to glory in the

inaccessibility of their productions. The fact is, they bucked from the beginning what we may call the genteel tradition in American music.

The genteel tradition in writing, painting, the theatre, the dance, architecture, and even in social life generally, is well known. Its epigonism, its smug conformity, its tendency to the pretty-pretty and goody-goody, its lack of contact with the realities of the life around it, have often been remarked. But less remarked has been its considerable continuity. Obviously too weak to stand upon its own legs, it seems to have had extrinsic cultural supports of considerable strength—veritable wooden legs (or golden)—which give a specious dignity, but deceive no one but those who need or desire to be so supported.

Gentility seems to have been more strongly entrenched in music than in any other professional art. Of its extrinsic cultural supports—its artificial legs—one has been the unusually heavy subsidization and patronage of orchestras, opera houses, musical conservatories, and of the necessary reservoir of budding talent. The other has been the very large commercial investment involved. Both supports tend to be controlled by those groups in the large cities which have felt the emerging American culture to be crude and scrawny, and have looked with frankly ashamed eyes at the superior refinement and finish of European life.

Whitman dealt the first mortal blows to the genteel tradition in American letters; Whistler in painting; Sheldon and O'Neill in the theatre; Frank Lloyd Wright in architecture and Isadora Duncan in the dance. In all these arts younger men have followed through, so that it can truly be said: today these arts have come of age as elements in American culture and in world history.

Ives and Ruggles have given the genteel tradition in American music some shrewd blows. They have fought respectability and musical conservatism hard enough to make themselves outcasts—"amateurs," in the words of the genteel tradition. But their accomplishment was not positive enough to make America at large see that here was something it could put its teeth into—something that could command a wider acceptance yet have the truth and the depth in it which the genteel tradition always claimed to have, but never delivered.

For in spite of its pecuniary and socialite supports America has, on the whole, turned a comparatively deaf ear to the genteel tradition in music. It has practically ignored Hopkinson, the Masons, Paine, Parker, Chadwick, Converse, Hadley, Mrs. Beach, Foote, Whiting and the rest of our academic Europophiles. Nevin and MacDowell are remembered by a few short pieces. But the blight of gentility—compulsion to conform to European standards of a preceding generation—stultified even in these gifted men what might have been the beginnings of an American fine art of music. The blight went even further. The snobbery and sciolism engendered by it have done irreparable damage to our unique folk music. It has practically doomed the lovely old revival and shape-note

hymns. And even now, to some peoples' minds, it is threatening to civilize swing out of existence.

Ives and Ruggles fought this tradition, each in his own way, and against all the skull-duggery and blatant publicity-mongering that goes with it so ungenteelly. But still they addressed themselves to the same audience and through the same channels—the symphony orchestra and the recital hall.

Be it said in extenuation, however, that both men completed the bulk of their work before the revolutionary change in music wrought by the sound-film and radio—a change they might have seized upon with great success had it come in the days of their prime. It is possible that a belated hearing may still come to them through these mediums. But even if it does, the fact will stand: Ives and Ruggles have lifted themselves and American fine art music scarcely half-way out of its slough of despond. But they did that! And that was no small job. Perhaps it was the hardest half. Let us see if those of us who are left can lift it the rest of the way in as short a time!

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I HAVE DEALT so far only with the similarities between these two grand old men of American music. Like as they are in many ways, they represent two diametrically opposed technical methods.

Ruggles is above all the stylist. Stylization has characterized practically every composer of the twentieth century from Satie and Debussy on. Stylization is the result of the effort of an individual composer to create for himself an organized consistency and efficiency of technique out of the disorganized materials of art presented to him by his predecessors. The great masters of European composition were not stylists nor did they seek stylization. As a result of the work of their predecessors an organized consistency and efficiency of technique were ready at their hand. Their task was not to create a new organization but to carry to a higher level of organization that which they inherited. This was true of Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven—the whole romantic school up to Richard Strauss.

By about 1900 the vitality of the romantic style had ebbed. A similar state of affairs existed around 1600 and again in 1750. A style is a communal thing, created by a long succession of interdependent workers. Stylization is the effort of one man—disjoined by temperament or historical position—to effect a substitute for the birthright which his environment has denied him.

There is compensation, however, for the misfortune of not inheriting a great style. It lies in the task of beginning to forge a new one. In setting himself this task, Carl Ruggles was doing precisely what all other good composers in Europe as well as in America were doing at the time. There were as many different ways of doing it as there were men. Two schools eventually emerged. One, fathered by Erik Satie, worked to simplify the diffuse and over-complicated romantic style. This technique gave the appearance of a kind of musical pre-Raphaelitism. The other, led by Arnold Schoenberg, sought to reorganize the complexity of this style by one of the most complicated systems ever devised by a musician, thereby making it more complex. A third school, neo-primitivism, exemplified in the prewar work of Stravinsky, died a sudden

death when that composer went over to the neo-classic followers of Satie.

Ruggles definitely belongs to the Schoenberg tendency, though he never was by any conceivable reasoning a Schoenbergian. The so-called dissonant type of composition, which had some hopes of continuing the great tradition of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner, and to which Ruggles belonged, has practically evaporated as a factor in contemporary music. Clearly it was too far ahead of its day. Like the genteel tradition from which it revolted, it was out of touch with its audience, too far from the common man, too ivory-towerish. It was a valiant and fascinating fight while it lasted. The death of Alban Berg (perhaps its most gifted protagonist), the persecutions of Hitler, the breaking up of a promising group of young Americans—these and other factors point to a postponement of the development, at the present time, of the extreme type of dissonant composition represented by Ruggles.

Even as the free chordal writing of Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa (circa 1600), did not find its fulfillment until about three centuries later, so we may expect the dissonant stylization of music to find a potential fulfillment at a later date. When this time comes perhaps people will look up the musty scores of Carl Ruggles and marvel that such things were done in the 1920's—and by an American, at that!

There is one quality of Ruggles' work which, in spite of its strident dissonance and intransigent abstraction, should be prized today as well as at this hypothetical future date. That quality is the aspiring melodic line. Sustained continuity of melodic line has been an outstanding characteristic of fine art composition in Europe for over four hundred years. It can be found in Josquin, Palestrina, Bach, Handel, Beethoven and all the greatest masters down to about 1900. Then, melodies began to grow halt and lame. They would break up into little, too obvious, sections; they would be short and repetitious; or they would spin round and round like a squirrel in a cage. Apparently no one has been able to write a melody that "went anywhere." The infant dissonant type of music offers almost insuperable obstacles to the effort to keep the melodic lines both continuant and loftily aspiring. It is to Ruggles' honor and fame that he has succeeded beyond any other composer we know of in thus blending one of the oldest traditions in Occidental music with one of the newest. In attempting it he has, of course, been too radical for some and at the same time too conservative for others. Even his admirers do not follow him. This does not disconcert him—nor his admirers, so far as I am aware. As he himself says, it may be better to write one page that has—or tries to have—the right direction, than to turn out reams of middle-of-the-road stuff.

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A WAY BACK I said that "practically all" the composers from Debussy on had gone in for stylization. I made this qualification with Charles Ives in mind.

Charles Ives is to be distinguished for three things. One: he has mixed styles, idioms and genres to an extent no other composer in our history (so far as I am aware) has done. Two: he has been the first to make a substantial success of the effort to substitute American roots for the fast-withering reliance

Allegro

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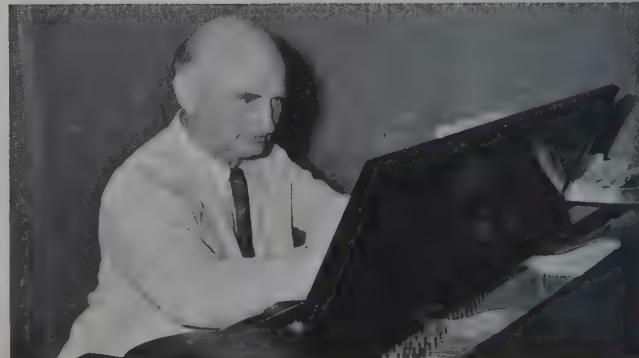
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MANUSCRIPT PAGE FROM
"SUN-TREADER," AN OR-
CHESTRAL COMPOSITION
BY CARL RUGGLES

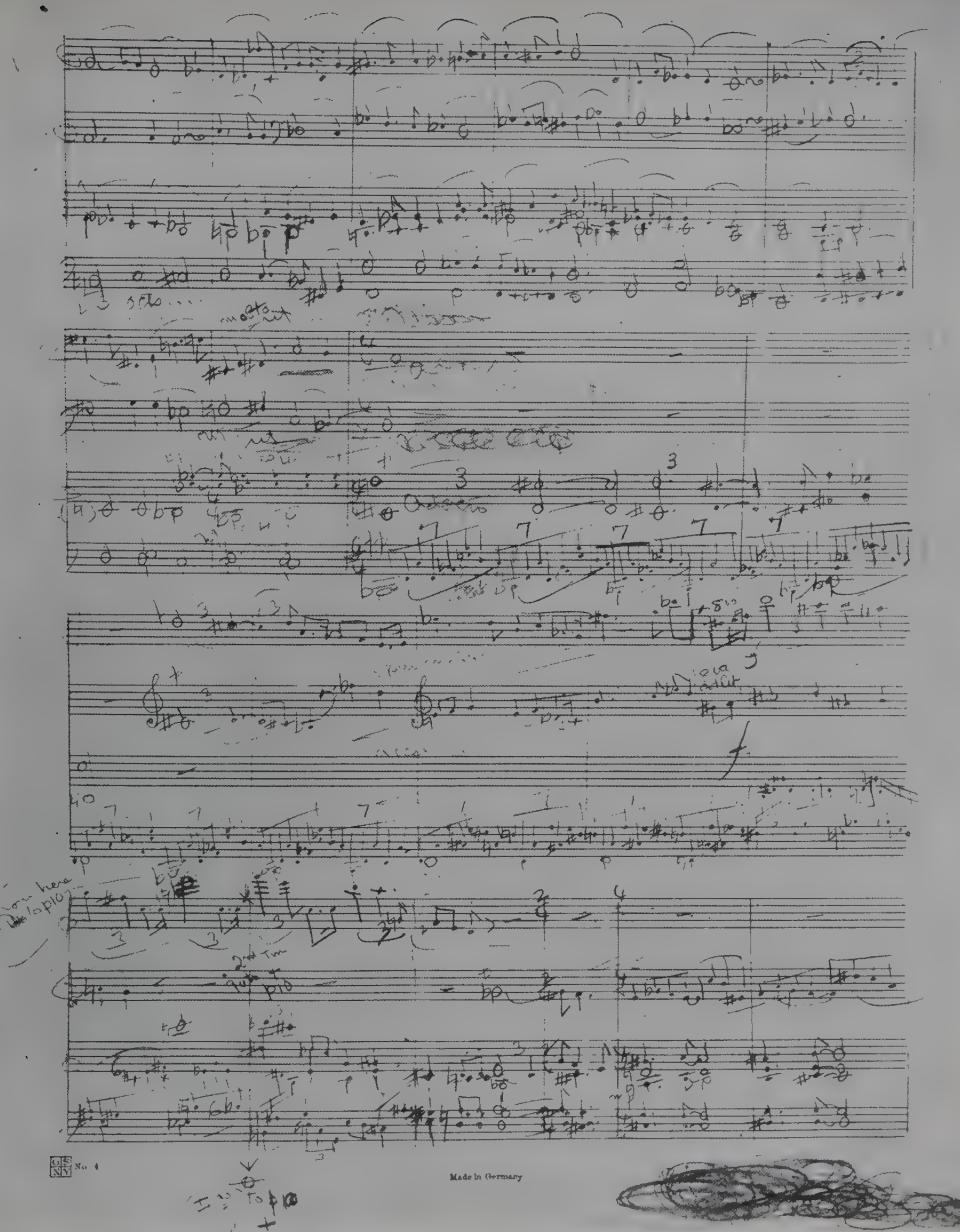
upon European nourishment. Three: he has pronounced and developed a theory which we may call "musical perspective."

Faced with a diversity of resources too great for integration of any kind, the stylists have eliminated right or left (or both) and gone ahead to organize the residue as best they could. Not so Charles Ives. He has simply accepted the diversity, emphasizing now one thing, now another. And in some cases he has thrown them all in together. They were data of his musical and social environment, so why not use them in his compositions?

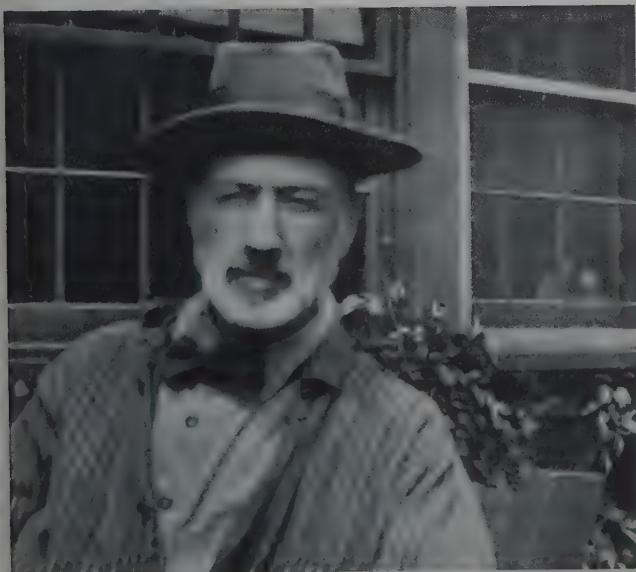
Why in our history of Occidental music we have not had more experiments with the *mélange* is hard to understand. It is appallingly easy. As a solution of the problem of a national



CARL RUGGLES



ONE PAGE FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE THIRD MOVEMENT OF CHARLES IVES' TRIO FOR VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO AND PIANO



CHARLES IVES

style for America it is almost as appallingly obvious. But it seems that no one, excepting Ives, ever saw it. One has foretokens of it in the motets of the thirteenth century and in Moussorgsky. One has bold accomplishment in letters, first with Goethe, later with Whitman. Ives does not use the historical method of Goethe, but in respect to his utilization of contemporary material his resemblance to Whitman has been pointed out for many years. Vast potentialities for the development of music lie in this innovation—development not only for American, but for world music.

In juxtaposing, without formal attempt at integration, the diverse elements of the European tradition of fine art music, it is to Ives' eternal fame that he broke far enough with the genteel tradition of his own land to include folk and popular material from the American scene about him. In this he was not alone. His elder contemporary, H. F. B. Gilbert, had used such material. MacDowell had used local titles, but not the actual musical material. But it is Ives who has created a distinguished fabric out of the often ill-assorted elements which

(Continued on page 435)

BLUE HILLS OF PETERBOROUGH

BY CARL CARMER

YEARS AGO ON a bright June afternoon I saw for the first time the rocky grey head of Monadnock, the clear brown waters of the Nubanusit, the slim white spires of Peterborough, New Hampshire. I was embarrassed, I remember, by the amused look of the bespectacled grocer who answered my questioning with "Just go back up the hill the way you come, take the first right and you'll run it down."

I did what he told me, driving along a winding narrow dirt road for more than a mile and then suddenly coming upon two gateposts. On one of them was a sign that read, *The MacDowell Colony*. I drove inside the gate and past a red frame farmhouse that looked as if it had been there a long time. In front of me was a large white-pillared house with a screened front porch. As I stopped a small woman wearing an apron came out of a side door and approached my car.

"The Lord bless ye," she said, "and I'm thinkin' you've come a long way this day. Come into the kitchen and sign your name and maybe you'll have a cup of tea."

I followed her inside where a dark, sturdy man who walked with a slight limp and seemed as surely of Italian origin as the woman seemed of Irish, told me to write my name in the big book on the desk near the door. I did so and he gave me two keys.

"This one is for the Lodge where you're to live on the first floor in the room at the right of the stairs—and this is for your studio, the Bark. It was the first of the lot, but it's one of the best. Here's your tea."

I sat and chatted with them while the light in the sky outside began to fade and the mountains framed by the windows turned from misty far blue summits to sharply outlined purple crags that seemed very near. The couple in the kitchen told me they were man and wife—that Mary cooked for all the colonists and Emil "took care" of them and of all the Colony's five hundred acres of woodland and meadow as well. Then Mary said:

"Emil, tell him how to get to the Lodge for he'd better be unpackin' and I don't want him late for his first dinner. And if you'll be seein' a Mr. Fritz Day over there tell him to hurry for he's always late. And you'd better be hurryin' back yourself for here comes Mr. Thornton Wilder now."

I drove through a patch of wood and discovered that the road beyond the trees cut through a wide rolling meadow. At its end near a white gate stood a low, stone farmhouse. Lights were gleaming from its dormer windows and I could hear loud male conversation.

After I had carried my bags and trunk inside, taken a shower and dressed, I went back to the white house. A bell was tolling as I approached and I could see dark figures moving toward the entrance. When I went in, however, the great living room, almost three stories high, was deserted. As I walked through it I remembered that Mary and Emil had told me the room had been made from a barn and I saw that a balcony of unstained wood ran along three sides of it at the height of the old hay-

mow. At the far end (the fourth side), beyond the big billiard table, a wide chimney rose from a great fireplace.

I pushed a swinging door and found myself in the dining room. A group of about twenty men and women were milling about selecting seats for themselves at the five tables. I stood still, miserably conscious that to me all of these people were strangers. I did not know what chair to take and I realized by the friendly chatter that I was the lone newcomer. It seemed a long time that I stood by the door helplessly. Then a tall, angular, pink-cheeked man with a greying mustache walked diffidently toward me. When he stood beside me I saw that he seemed to be suffering from an embarrassment as great as my own. His lips were pursed as though he were about to speak but no sound came from them for several seconds. Then he said:

"My name's Robinson. Would you like to sit at my table?"

I was seated and eating my soup before I was aware that the tall man who now seemed oblivious of me and his other table companions looked like a photograph I had seen somewhere. Then I realized he must be Edwin Arlington Robinson. I began looking about the room to see if I could tell who some of the others were. The kindly, ascetic features of the author of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* were not hard to recognize. And at the table next to Wilder's sat a young-looking woman with white hair and ruddy cheeks who, I decided, must be Ruth Suckow. The merry eyes and the clipped accents of a round little man made him easily identifiable as Padraig Colum.

"And," said a voice with firmness and enough emphasis to make me know that I was being rude to the maidenly and somewhat elderly speaker, "we have even had some romances here at the Colony. But perhaps you know that DuBose and



Dorothy Heyward met here while Dorothy was writing a play and DuBose was writing *Porgy* and they were married as soon as they left."

I murmured that I hadn't known and I thought I caught a fleeting faraway gleam in the eyes of Robinson who seemed not to be listening.

After dinner we all went into the high living room with its raftered roof. A fire was burning briskly in the big fireplace. Already fierce lights were beating down on the green top of the billiard table and I could see the set clear features of Robinson leaning over his cue to make a shot.

For the first and last time in my many months' residence at the Colony I was swept into the nightly game of anagrams—discovering that I was a disgrace to the writing profession since I could not form as many words with my letters as a painter, composer or sculptor, and that even those who were most expert looked in awe tinged with worship at the steadily mounting groups of words fashioned by the deft fingers and defter brain of Thornton Wilder.

"Don't you mind," said a brown-haired girl who sat on the arm of my chair and tried to coach me. "He's one of the greatest anagram players of our time," and she grinned at Wilder who went on imperturbably appropriating the work of other players, forming from it strange words that kept doubters continually running across the room to consult a dictionary.

As the play at the billiard table ended I saw that Robinson's face looked drawn and that his mouth twitched in a tired, despairing gesture.

"He lost," said the brown-haired girl seriously. "Now he won't sleep tonight. Usually he wins and it makes him very happy and he sleeps well—except when the whip-poor-wills are calling. Did you ever hear of the poem he wrote to the whip-poor-will?"

"No," I said.

"He went to his room one night saying he had decided to write a sonnet on the bird. The next morning he announced that he had expressed his entire feelings on the subject in the only one-line sonnet in existence. He had written the line and realized there was nothing more to say: "'O thou obscene, incessant bird of hell.'"



The Alexander Studio at the MacDowell Colony, Peterborough, N. H., as it looked before and after the great hurricane of last September. Damage has suspended the colony for this season

After breakfast the next morning I went to my studio for the first time. It was a pleasant bark-covered one-room structure set at the edge of a dark forest. Five windows in one side opened on a rolling field of alfalfa. A huge fireplace took up one end. The entrance and screened porch were in the shadow of the woods. I began my struggle against the silence. "You've been howling all your adult life about interruptions," I told myself. "Now you've got what you want—no callers, no telephones, no noise—you've got to produce."

But nerves conditioned to the noises of city streets rebelled. As I read on the wooden tablet hanging above my fireplace the names of colonists who had worked in the studio before me—Hervey Allen, Stephen Vincent Benét, Ruth Draper, Glenn O. Coleman, D. Putnam Brinley, Louis Untermeyer—I became antagonistic. My resentment grew when someone accidentally reminded me that *Tristram*, *Porgy* and *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* had all been written in the same summer on this five-hundred acre plot of woodland. "It isn't fair to take all a man's excuses away from him at once and tell him that," I thought. "It's a form of compulsion—and nobody is going to make me do anything."

Nobody tried to. The days of early summer were struck off by the march of mountain shadows. No one asked me about my work. Mornings I walked in the woods, returning in the early afternoon to discover on my studio steps a basket filled with my lunch. After eating I slept in the Nantucket hammock on my screened porch. In the late afternoon I rushed over to the Lodge, dressed for tennis and played violently on the Colony court until time to get ready for dinner. One rainy morning almost two weeks after I arrived I began to put words on paper. That evening I made an estimate of the number of them. There were almost two thousand. After that the pages began to pile up. The simple relaxations of the evening began to appeal to my wearied brain—cowboy pool with Robinson and Bill Benét and Douglas Moore—a walk to the village movie house to see a western thriller. I began to be glad that the board of admissions had seen fit to admit me to the Colony. I began to like some of my fellow colonists—not to like others. The days brought their own interesting episodes. There was the laughter-fraught evening when a composer's absence from dinner was reported to be due to the fact that the skunk resident of the area beneath the musician's studio had been so offended by the sounds emanating from the piano above him that he had expressed his disapproval in the only way he knew.

There was the day that one of the husky sisterhood of the Sargent School for Physical Education got lost in the woods near Peterborough and fainted from exhaustion and relief on the studio steps of America's shyest bachelor-artist, occasioning many a futile-sounding explanation to a politely incredulous Colony. There was the evening the red-headed young composer, David Diamond, protégé of Aaron Copland, came to dinner to tell Aaron and Charles Wakefield Cadman and me of a beautiful grey ghost, queenly in manner, who had been sitting at his desk in his studio when he had wakened from a nap on the couch. She had been shaking her lovely head over a blank sheet of paper on the desk as though she had just written something upon it and was not quite satisfied. We wondered if he knew that every word he uttered was bringing back
(Continued on page 438)



VIEW FROM BALCONY, DECORATIVE ARTS EXHIBITION, GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION. SHEPARD VOGELGESANG, DESIGNER

CRAFTSMANSHIP AT SAN FRANCISCO

BY EMILY JOSEPH

THERE IS MOTION, rhythm, unexpectedness in the layout of the Decorative Arts complex, a complete organism within the immense shell of the Fine Arts Building at the San Francisco Fair. Its planning was jointly done by Dorothy Wright Liebes, Director of the Decorative Arts Division, and by Shepard Vogelgesang, Assistant Director.

For the housing of the decorative arts show we have a construction that functionally and emotionally is a satisfactory arrangement of space. Its excellent spatial design gives the illusion of doubled area because of the flowing-line plan and the changing levels in ground floor, inclined plane and balcony. It holds provocative ideas of value to museums that contemplate an incorporation of the applied arts.

The axis of the Decorative Arts Division is the group of exhibition rooms designed and executed by American and European interior decorators. Of unequal size, the rooms radiate from a winding ramp, an arrangement that does away with museum fatigue and the flatness of conventional display.

The liveliness of the whole design is well seen from the balcony, which gives over rooms, workshops, and winding showcases filled with collections of silver, ceramics, glass, textiles, book bindings and many other objects of virtue.

In gathering and assembling her material, Mrs. Liebes requested all contributors to submit originals never before shown, which should have, first of all, the quality of art objects, her thesis being that there is no hard and fast line to be drawn between artist and artist craftsman.

And, in fact, it is not easy to differentiate. Picasso invents a new form and renders it in paint, Navarre invents one and renders it in glass; Dufy throws off a gay fantasy with his brush, Marta Taipale with her shuttle. Who shall measure the residual delight which they separately give?

There is no reiteration, no wearisome repetition of styles in the assemblage of rooms, smaller units and terraces, which forms the core of the Decorative Arts Division. In the major rooms under review two definite style determinants are dominant and they have formed two totally dissimilar groups—one which is formal and classic, the other decorative and romantic.

The functional rooms are almost entirely the work of exhibitors originally from Northern and Central Europe, or by a few Americans, who have studied or have been influenced by their style. The body of American exhibitors have let their fantasy run into a free interpretation of the baroque. They have gone in for the excitement of the fantastic, rather than for the repose of the typical.

However, it must be said that the designers in the more decorative group know how to render suave, lavish, urbane interiors with sensitive interplay of color. Their rooms testify to the excellence of workmanship in wood, metal, glass and textiles, and prove that craft standards in this country closely approximate the traditional European expertness.

There is sanity, and refreshing timeliness in the rooms by Kem Weber, Marcel Breuer, Duncan Miller and the Aaltos. There is no affectation, pretentiousness or archaism in treatment. The governing tendency of these men is toward a healthy style and their general aim is to build economical, well-pro-

portioned, comfortable furniture—to create liveable, rational environments with overtones of a beauty that is of the present and not obsolete.

A fine relation is maintained between the elements of the Contemporary Living Room by Kem Weber of Los Angeles. Marcel Breuer, of Bauhaus fame, has done a Living Room and Dining Room in which the furniture, constructed of laminated birch plywood, has a rather unpleasant cardboard effect. Wood suffers much from processing, loses the subtle modulations of surface natural to it and becomes an over-mechanized material, too often used as if it were metal. The dining room

chairs are forced in form, but the long chairs and the nests of tables are indeed an accomplishment. These furnishings are well set off against backgrounds by Ernest Born.

Duncan Miller of London, in his English Sitting Room, has achieved fine integration. Subtle design and color in the rug by Ashley Havinden, abstract sculpture by Henry Moore and two geometrical color compositions by John Piper and Ben Nicholson, augment the harmony of the room and give it mood.

Altogether wholesome and northern in feeling, and somehow tied up with outdoor living and gardens, is the Dining Room from Finland, done by Alvar and Aino Marsio Aalto.



Above: TAPESTRY SALON ASSEMBLED BY MADAME MARIE CUTTOLI, PARIS; BUILT AROUND HER COLLECTION OF MODERN TAPESTRIES. ANDRE SZIVESSY, ARCHITECT. SHOWN ARE A RUG DESIGNED BY JOAN MIRO; SOFA AND CHAIRS IN TAPESTRY DESIGNED BY RAOUL DUFY. CERAMIC VASES ALSO BY DUFY. THE SCULPTURED TABLE IS BY HENRI LAURENS. ON THE WALL IS HENRI MATISSE'S TAPESTRY "PAPEETE." *Below:* SHOW WINDOW OF THE FUTURE (U.S.A.). DECORATION AND LIGHTING BY ELEANORE LEMAIRE. COORDINATOR: AIMEE LARKIN. CLOTHES ARE ALL BY AMERICAN DESIGNERS



The furniture is consistent with Aalto's architecture, and is scientifically constructed to conform to variants in posture. The honey yellow of the flame birch table top, the cool tonality of the rug by Loja Saarinen give this room clean simplicity and complete restfulness.

A room less austere than these is the Bachelor Room by Eldon Baldauf. A gay mural by Jane Berlandina and a restrained sculptural relief by Cecilia Graham are structurally incorporated, the only instance in the exhibit where this has been done. The hand-woven fabrics by Bara Weaves repeat the tones of the mural and the furniture of careful workmanship is meticulously planned. All in all, a space for well-being.

As prelude to discussion of American baroque interiors, let us glance at the Tapestry Salon with the measured elegance of contemporary French romanticism. Unusual are the long parallel fins of glass which the Parisian architect, Andre Szivessy, has had installed to give the illusion of an adjacent conservatory. This room, assembled by Mme. Marie Cottoli of Paris, built to exhibit her famous collection of modern tapestries, shows two of these, one, *Paris*, by the dashing Dufy, and another, *Papeete*, in the meridional Matisse manner. On the floor lies a cool ivory rug with a *courante* design by Henri Laurens; tapestry chairs and sofa are gay with Dufy animals



and flowers. The verve of Dufy and arabesques of Matisse are repeated in the rhythms of a sculptured table also by Laurens.

A more lush, a less restrained baroque is involved in the Town Bedroom by McMillen of New York. The room is built around Modigliani's *Woman in Blue*, lent by Knoedler; the tones of the portrait are echoed throughout in subtle blues. Fine commodes in glass, ornamented with carved signs of the Zodiac, the textiles, velvet hangings and bibelots make up a décor of studied exquisiteness.

There is pomp of a less personal order in the Antechamber of an Imaginary Embassy by Victor Proetz of New York. Solidly and superlatively made is its door of white lacquer, enriched with gold tooling. It carries reliefs of pewter, symbols of the four elements, done with particular excellence.

The exhibit, Dinner for Eight, by Tommi Parzinger, New



Above: GEORGE ROUAULT: LES FLEURS DU MAL, EXECUTED IN POINT DE BEAUVAIS TAPESTRY. LENT BY MME. CUTTOLI. Left: RUSSELL BARNETT AITKEN: "CONGO" PUNCH BOWL. CERAMIC. Below: MAURICE MARINOT: BOTTLE OF BLUE GRASS ENCASING RED OPAQUE GLASS. LENT BY MR. TEMPLETON CROCKER





Above: JEANETTE DYER SPENCER: STAINED GLASS WINDOW. LENT BY THE ARTIST. Right: ERIC GRATE: IRON GRILLE. LENT BY NATIONAL MUSEUM OF SWEDEN, STOCKHOLM. Below: ORREFORS VASE OF ENGRAVED GLASS. LENT BY MR. TEMPLETON CROCKER



York, and The Desert Living Room by William Haines, Hollywood, are quite unlike in style, but alike in ultimate selectiveness of taste. Haines uses joshua tree veneer with happy effect of texture and color. Light brackets are of silver, cast into geometric abstractions of buffalo heads with curving horns of illuminated lucite which has unusual lighting properties. One of Georgia O'Keeffe's bovine skulls adorned with a frontal of white roses amplifies the desert atmosphere. Modernized Empire, cool and gay, determines the setting of the Dinner for Eight; the wall paper swarms with golden bees and the furniture is fashioned with grace in lovely white holly wood.

As a finale come two rooms that demonstrate a new and fantastic technique of display. They are humoresques, full of spirit. A spurt of Gallic wit is the Souvenir of Paris. The architect, Etienne Kohlmann, and Mlle. Rose Adler, famous book-binder of Paris, coordinated this room. It is a pleasantry, full of quips and designedly grotesque to give the *stil d'expo*, in which the Parisians have had long training. Texture and pattern are given by thousands of oyster shells imbedded in



plaster walls. Brightly painted circus-booth showcases on the sides; a plaster mermaid with saucy fishtail, her torso clothed by Lanvin; a *bicycliste fantaisiste* sent by Schiaparelli—all these together make up the jolliest corner in the Exposition.

The Show Window of the Future, designed by Eleanore Lemaire of New York, is the American pendant in fantasy to the Souvenir de Paris. It has a queer Dali-ish, Gertrude Stein-ish perversity. As in a submarine dream, misty monster seaweed and a dim, drowning sky-scraper float on a gossamer screen, a backdrop to eerie skeletal mannequins with lucite limbs. The lighting is a triumph. Genius for the showmanship of costume and material has directed the draping of the ladies of surrealist anatomy.

Besides all these enclosed spaces, there are out-of-door



Left: A DESERT LIVING ROOM. DESIGNED AND ARRANGED BY WILLIAM HAINES OF HOLLYWOOD. *Below:* A ROOM FOR A BACHELOR. DESIGNED BY F. ELDON BALDAUF, SAN FRANCISCO, WINNER OF THE DESIGN COMPETITION OF THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DISTRICT CHAPTER OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF DECORATORS



Right: ROOM DESIGNED AND ASSEMBLED BY MARCEL BREUER, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS. INSTALLED BY ERNEST BORN OF SAN FRANCISCO. *Below:* DINING ROOM FROM FINLAND. DESIGNED BY ALVAR AND AINO MARSIO AALTO, HELSINGFORS. ARRANGED BY BETH ARMSTRONG OF ARMSTRONG, CARTER AND KENYON



spaces planned to meet the California taste for al fresco living. Space for Living, a garden lounge by Paul T. Frankl of Los Angeles, is arranged for an elaborate milieu. An immense red umbrella shadows a group of furniture, well put together, of sturdy rattan worked into a fine design of parallel lines to emphasize the very original forms. Gardner A. Dailey designed the background in fine adjustment to Frankl's concept.

Of distinction are the fine chairs in chromed metal in Richard J. Neutra's unit. A canvas canopy, designed by William West, in the Gump Out Door Dining Terrace, is boldly patterned in green banana leaves. William Wurster's plan gains character from a graceful overhanging steel trellis and from a

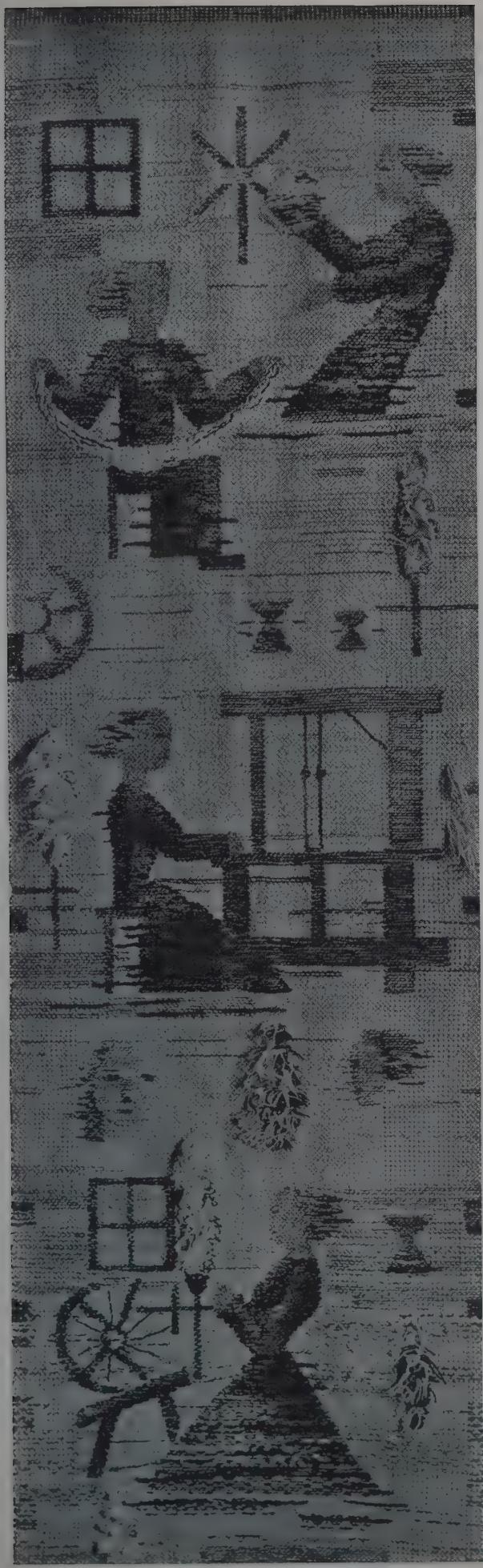
pool that reflects an interesting bas relief of white nudes against a patterned background of gray pebbles by Helen Bruton.

Supplementary to the exhibition of life-size rooms is Mrs. James Ward Thorne's famous series of miniature rooms, lent by her for this occasion. Made up of perfectly executed thumbnail replicas of period interiors and furniture, this collection is a compressed commentary on the relentless mutation of styles.

On the balcony is the display of Puiforcat's masterly liturgical silver, and here the Monterey Guild has set up an altar that holds a candelabra and a tabernacle of superlative workmanship. Nearby is a stained glass window by Jeanette Dyer



Above: CHALICE AND PATEN BY PUIFORCAT, PARIS.
Left: BINDING BY PAUL BONET, PARIS, FOR "LES CONTRE RIMES" BY TOULET



Spencer, of which the subject, the *Mighty Angel of the Apocalypse*, is expressed with vigorous line and color.

More mundane are two cases filled with lavish jewelry sent from the ateliers of Edwin H. Tompkins of New York and Cartier of Paris, and a montage by Florence Alden Swift that displays the excellent collective craftsmanship of the San Francisco Women Artists with a new technique of stylization.

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CURSORY APPRAISALS only can be given the remaining exhibits. Emphasis has been placed on discussion of the more important rooms that hold the central interest.

Placed in rooms and on boundary walls are sculpture and other objects to point interest and emphasize relationships. Among the notable: a lyric bas-relief by Adaline Kent; a terrazzo inlay by Esther Bruton; a Naum Gabo glass plastic; rhodoid abstractions in the best Moholy-Nagy mathematic; a screen in Picasso graphics and an achievement in wrought iron by Eric Gruet.

A workshop for book-binding is installed in the book section. Here Morgan A. Gunst has brought together a comprehensive showing of the art of the book collected abroad and in America. Though most of the shelves hold contemporary bindings—the *stil Botanique* of Marius Michel, the fine form and color of Pierre Legrain are here to be studied for their formative influence on the modern style.

It is evident that ranking bookbinders of today have gone further than these men. Equal in technique, they fully govern their metier. What is new is that these craftsmen seek to convey a synthesis of the book in their bindings. Examination of

(Continued on page 433)

Left: "SPINNING AND WEAVING," WOVEN PANEL BY MARTA TAIPAILE, FINLAND. *Below:* TWO POTTERY PIECES BY HENRY VARNUM POOR





FIGURE 1. GIRDLE HOOK. MUSEUM, MAINZ

CELTIC ART

BY PAUL F. JACOBSTHAL

THE HISTORY OF Celtic art covers more than a thousand years. It begins about 400 B.C. and lasts down to the days when Irish monks illuminated the books of Durrow and Kells. It is the modest purpose of these lines to throw into relief some of its essential features and aspects.

Our knowledge of Celtic art is based on thousands of finds, mostly from graves, rarely from settlements, in England, Ireland, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Rumania and elsewhere. These consist of weapons (swords, helmets and shields), objects of personal adornment (brooches, neck- and arm-rings), horse-trappings and chariot decorations, scattered now through many museums of Europe. Of these the British Museum is the only one where all phases of Celtic craftsmanship are documented and can be studied in masterpieces. For the greater part of a century archeologists have endeavored not unsuccessfully to build from this enormous wealth of material a history of Celtic civilization, of the manners and customs of the Celts, their dwellings and their migrations. But only within the last decade or so has the primary, artistic value of all these innumerable objects become the subject of special studies. Stylistic analysis has not only been able to shed light on the significance and history of Celtic forms, but to contribute as well to the solution of problems which prehistory could not solve by her own methods.

Celtic art has two main phases and they are not separated distinctly from each other. The first is continental and roughly

comprises the last four centuries B.C. The second is confined to Great Britain and Ireland; its dates are still obscure. It begins toward the end of the first century B.C.; in Britain it lasted until Roman domination was established; indeed the tradition was not quenched even then. In Ireland, which never bowed to the Roman yoke, it appears to have lasted even longer. Early Celtic art has the charm of bud and dawn and reflects life in the state of migration, unrest and adventure; the later works are mature and conscious and belong to the great artistic creations of all times. Furthermore, it persists as a strong, essential undercurrent in the Roman art of those provinces in which the Celts had had their abodes.

After the development of our art during the last generation, and after the research work of art historians like Wickhoff and Riegl, we feel it no longer incumbent upon us to regard Celtic art as a degenerate by-product of classic art. With clearer vision we are enabled to appreciate its greatness and exquisite beauty.

Of all "barbarians" no other people has contributed more to the art of Europe than the Celts. They must be reckoned among those peoples who, through lack of initiative for political organization, through a proverbial pugnacity, never succeeded in founding a stable empire. More than once and in critical places they menaced Rome and Hellas; but their onset was always repelled by better organized military power, by political superiority. Yet their importance as a fermentative element in Early European culture can hardly be overemphasized.

About 400 B.C. the Celts were just emerging from a primitive phase of civilization: the so-called Hallstatt culture, characterized by certain forms of implement and a geometric style.

Some legacies of their geometric past the Celts took over and preserved for centuries. But there is no "genesis" or gradual transition from the Hallstatt style, as one would expect. At the very moment of first contact with the South foreign forms rush in like a tempest, and the miraculous result is a Celtic style, organic and perfect and unitary from its beginning.

Celtic technical achievement, like their casting or chasing in bronze, gold or silver, does not suffer in comparison with classic craftsmanship; some examples of Celtic goldwork are only surpassed by the Etruscans, those paramount goldsmiths of Europe, doubtless their teachers. From the Orient, from Persia and the Caucasus, the Celts learned the technique of inlay with coral, a substitute for almandines, or enamel. The colored accents give Celtic works an appearance which contrasts deeply with the soberness of classic products. And this unclassic, or, so to speak, exotic character is intensified by a wealth of masks and fantastic animals.

The bronze girdle-hook (fig. 1) is one of the most characteristic examples. It was found in a chieftain-grave in the Rhine-land which yielded a wealth of other implements of bronze and gold, weapons, vessels and ornament; it dates from the fourth century B.C. In the center, on a pedestal, is a mask with enormous popping eyes, surmounted by two scrolls and flanked by four griffins, arranged in heraldic symmetry. Their ancestry is Greek, but their appearance proves that on their way to the Celts and northern countries they passed through an area where at a time when such elements in Greece proper had already died out they were still lingering and stagnating. Minute analysis of details is able to show that it was the art of Scythia from which the Celts took them over.

Figs. 2 and 3 are decorations of a bronze flagon, a pair of which were found, though the evidence is obscure, in a chieftain-grave in Lorraine, together with two bronze vessels for mixing wine, these being imports from Italy. The find is now among the finest treasures of the British Museum. The shape

of the jugs with their pointed, upraised beaks follows an Italian prototype, but proportion and outline betray a peculiar Celtic feeling.

There is a well thought out distribution of ornamentation in relief and plastic, a refined change of plain, slightly gold-speckled bronze, with its present wonderful moss green patina, and inlays in coral and enamel. Towards the mouth the plastic decoration becomes more urgent. On the point of the beak there is a little duck—a survival of the frequent birds of which the previous Hallstatt art was so fond—and two wolf-like beasts are keeping watch by the mouth, all of them with coral eyes, the quadrupeds with stylized manes, their now hollow grooves once filled with red enamel. Another animal of the same breed forms the upper part of the round rod-handle. The spiral form of the ears and the upper joints of the forelegs, all once stressed by enamel, belong to those features which connect Celtic with oriental, namely Scythian and Persian, art. The lower end of the handle is formed by a mask, much more elaborate than that of the girdle-hook; the eyes are corals, the bushy scrolled-up eyebrows support the ornamental headdress standing immediately upon them at the cost of the forehead; once there was red enamel in the grooves which alone are left. Outside the jaws twisted curls, spirally scrolling at the bottom, follow the typical outline of the face; this ritual coiffure originated in Egypt and reached the Celts via Phenicia, Etruria. It is a masterly transposition of a natural face into the sphere of decoration and a document of high creative power.

For the understanding of those animals and masks one has to bear in mind that the Celts, like the Teutonic peoples of the Migration period, did not portray scenes from saga or everyday life. They created "masks" and "ornament" instead. But we hardly do justice to these if we regard them as "decorative" only. Behind these elements is a meaning, and they have to be taken seriously, as seriously as, for instance,

FIGURES 2 AND 3. DETAILS OF ORNAMENTATION ON A BRONZE FLAGON FROM LORRAINE. BRITISH MUSEUM. "THE SHAPE OF THE JUGS, THEIR POINTED, UPRAISED BEAKS, FOLLOWS ITALIAN PROTOTYPE; PROPORTION AND OUTLINE BETRAY A CELTIC FEELING"





FIGURE 4. THE DESBOROUGH MIRROR. BRITISH MUSEUM

the lions, bulls, serpents and griffins in archaic Greek temples or the monsters in Romanesque art. They are an expression of a certain attitude towards nature and God; they reflect a civilization of a certain age and type, which modern ethnology has taught us to understand: a world yet unredeemed, and obsessed by fear of demons.

The other no less important creation of Celtic art is the

floral ornament—flowers, buds and tendrils. Such forms, whether on buildings, wall-papers or implements, have lost all meaning to us, and we have become so sated with them that the last generation has resolutely thrown them overboard. To the Celts, as to other young nations, they are by no means lifeless decoration, but living symbols of nature and growth. Floral ornament is the great achievement of the Celts



Above: FIGURE 6. BRONZE TORC FROM THE MARNE. MUSEE DES ANTIQUITES NATIONALES, ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE. Right: FIGURE 5. IRISH BRONZE DISH. SACRIFICIAL VESSEL. BRITISH MUSEUM

and their most relevant contribution to European art. There is hardly any such form which could not easily be traced back to a classic model; but what matters is not the etymology of forms, but their essence. The Celts developed ornamental principles hitherto unheard of and foreshadowing the "Late Antique" and Migration arts. The pattern of the famous Desborough Mirror (fig. 4) in the British Museum is composed of ornamental elements—scrolls, crescents, Amazon shields—of classical descent; but they have been modified considerably. Greek ornament has a well defined outline which separates clearly what lies within from what lies without: within is an organic entity; without, a neutral, meaningless background. All is clear, transparent, and there is no ambiguity to puzzle the observer's mind. But with many of the Celtic pieces he is at a loss to distinguish between pattern and background; only an experienced observer can find his way through this labyrinth of primary and complementary design. The Celtic artist meant that we should lose our way wandering up and down, to and fro, round and about his design. One can often read the Celtic patterns in two different ways, and it needs concentration to pursue the one without yielding to the temptation of following the other. Their singular, puzzling, yet stimulating charm lies in their ambiguity, their restlessness, that differ so deeply from the transparency and repose of classic ornament.

The bronze dish (fig. 5) in the British Museum, an Irish work of early Roman times, displays Celtic style at its height and is unsurpassed in its blending of Celtic and Roman form. The tendrils and scrolls stand out in smooth polished metal

against a roughened background. The deep hollow is actually—not merely in the foreshortened view seen on the accompanying reproduction—eccentrically placed and pushed from the center towards the outer rim. The reason for this asymmetry, accentuated by the ornament, is immediately apparent, if one considers the practical purpose the dish once served. One sees before one's mind's eye the acolyte assisting at a sacrifice, collecting the victim's blood in the hollow, his thumbs grasping the dish in the large open space between the scrolls. A Greek would never have given up symmetry for a practical purpose, whereas the Celt first envisages the action and function of a vessel and from them courageously draws the consequences. The classical spiral is far removed from this organic fleshy scroll, vaguely recalling creations of nature which a botanist or zoologist might, very wrongly, try to specify.



Another Celtic work illustrating the same phenomenon, is an earlier bronze torc from the Marne (fig. 6). If I gave the schematic description—"the end of a torc, consisting of a large round knob and three round discs alternating with spirals"—such a description would predicate nothing as to the real form of the object. Neither are the discs placed in a proper way nor are the spirals set properly on their surface as they would be in a classic work. Here all is flowing: one thinks of tough dough or of some phenomena of nature without being able to hint at a precise model.

A classic work is the image of things after they have passed through a process of distillation; a classic form is the result of abstraction from all that is inessential, it exhibits the pure idea. A Greek perceived the organic structure, the law behind the puzzling multiformity of nature. A Celt did not care for what lay below the surface, he did not take the surface as accidental, obscuring the idea of the tree or plant, but he was attracted by these wild forms reflecting the dark and mighty power of nature which reveals herself when the buds burst in springtime, when the storm tosses the gnarled trees. . . . But this aspect lies perhaps beyond the scope of a sound archeologist or prehistorian.



FEBRUARY 26, 1937



MARCH 3, 1937



MARCH 12, 1937



MARCH 13, 1937



MARCH 22, 1937



MARCH 23, 1937



MARCH 24, 1937



MARCH 25, 1937



APRIL 2, 1937



HENRI MATISSE: BLUE DRESS

EVOLUTION OF A PAINTING

APRIL 3, 1937



AT THE LEFT, arranged in the order in which they were done, are reproduced ten stages in the evolution of *Blue Dress* by Henri Matisse. The completed painting, of which the original is in a Philadelphia private collection, is reproduced above.

Seldom do we have as complete a photographic indication of a painter's working method. Many artists follow procedures of this kind but few live to have their efforts assume historical interest. So, though we might prefer a similar record of the creation of a painting from Matisse's revolutionary youth, one which more truly made history in the modern movement, we are grateful for this one from his fashionable maturity. In it Matisse shows, in spite of fickle fashion, that his experimental aptitude persists in a lighter vein, that he remains adept at picture making.

Matisse sometimes came nearer to the life in his first sketches than he has in this case. The earliest version has the fresh, stylish look of a good drawing for *Harper's Bazaar*. But as the lady and her dress are altered and their surroundings are changed, the style gives way to style. After the fourth sketch his preoccupation with flat, linear design is clearly dominant. Significant things to notice are the number of variants tried out and modified after the main idea of the picture was established, and the fact that the middle tone of the background lasted almost to the end, only to be lost in the final version.



HEADLESS ANGEL

UNEXPLORED NEW ORLEANS

BY CLARENCE J. LAUGHLIN

THE PRINTS HERE shown are selected from one section of a large series of photographs of New Orleans on which I have been working for the past three and a half years. Since these reproductions are taken from the part of the series called Symbols of Old New Orleans, it may be well to give the reader some idea of the richness of the material which they depict and the reasons why it has lain comparatively unexplored.

The arty photographers of the Vieux Carré have contented themselves, mostly, with views of balconies and courtyards, primarily, perhaps, through lack of imagination; secondarily

because these were the things that would sell, these were what people expected. As a result the balcony and courtyard picture was reduced to a mechanical formula: the same technical approach (soft focus) was used again and again, the same designs were repeated with but little variation. A central preoccupation grew up—the presentation of a romantic picture of the French Quarter, a picture which ignored entirely the intrusion of modern forms and ignored, also, the ironic contrasts that developed in the struggle between the old and the new. This approach was apparently not based on an awareness that beauty and ugliness are not absolute qualities inherent in objects themselves, but only effects of seeing, which

we develop by the way we choose to approach those objects, whether we are using a camera or a paint brush.

As a result, marvelous things were left untouched in the Quarter itself; above all, in the old cemeteries. I may mention here that over three-fourths of the material in this first section of the New Orleans series has never been photographed before. Of the value of the material itself, of its suitability for the camera, there is no doubt.

But just what is the nature of the material, the reader may ask. That can best be answered by consulting the prints and by a short survey of the forces that have been at work in the old burial grounds, with their tombs lifted above the soggy earth, by considering the effects of those forces on the tomb forms and on the character of the sculpture and ironwork.

The luxuriance and violence of the plant life, the endless

encroachment of insects, the semi-tropical avidity of the natural agents of decay, heat and rain, were strong factors. So was the peculiarly naive and powerful religious faith that colored and dominated the entire lives of those who made these things. Together they caused a special development of the art forms of this locality. It was as amazing in its results as it was inevitable in its unfolding. Though basic patterns may have been borrowed from France and some of the actual work on the iron, for instance, may have been done elsewhere in this country, it is nevertheless true that these patterns were modified and eventually transformed by the repercussions of this special environment on the nature of the people.

It was only the particular combination of factors in the minds and the environment of the inhabitants of Louisiana in those earlier years—the physical isolation of New Orleans,



CHRIST WITH A GARLAND



IRON CROSSES



CROSS MOUNTED ON CURLICUES

WILLOW TREE DESIGN



DESIGN OF INVERTED TORCHES



the religious faith that was an instinctive recoil from natural forces too violent, too careless of men (disease epidemics, the incalculable river, the plant and insect struggle), the quiescence of other cultural expressions under the influence of the Church, the close family life characteristic of the old French and Spanish immigrants, the tenacious remembrance peculiar to those who are *not at home* (the Old World still called them)—that could have resulted in that special feeling, nearly nameless yet obvious to the eye and compounded of a peculiarly naive dignity and loneliness, which we find in the best of the old tombs and sculptures and ironwork.

In this localized development of funereal art, which was pushed to a stage of richness and significance unduplicated elsewhere in the country, we find a determined and poignant battle with decay and a dignity which belongs only to the work of those who struggle with the unconquerable. And with these qualities we are struck by the strange innocence of the designs. Because of it the range of feeling in the forms was not great, but within that range very direct and intense. That is why, even when ignoring all historical values, the designs still have interest for the modern eye.

We need not, and we cannot, see eye to eye with the ideology of that earlier day. We can see, though, the visual richness inherent in the work. At least the photographer should. And if he is a creative photographer, if he uses the camera not merely as a copying instrument, but strives to use it to make objects into symbols of relationships beyond themselves, he will find here an unexplored world. In these tilted tombs, the sculptures straining from the earth, in these cities of the dead, the photographer will see the marvelous and sinister effects of the disintegration of forms, of the appearance of new sorts of textures. This, then, is the physical background of these Symbols of Old New Orleans.

Before setting down short notes on each of the prints reproduced I want to emphasize that these photographs are intended to be more than mere records. The series presents pictures of objects and views selected because they symbolize the changing character of life in New Orleans over a period of a century. But the individual photographs, from a formal standpoint, are made primarily as designs. On the technical side the approach has been that of "pure" photography. In view of these facts even a small selection gives some idea of what the series as a whole has been made to accomplish.

Headless Angel. Most of the statues of the New Orleans cemeteries are made of some variety of stone. This one, however, was made of plaster, with the result that the climate wrought havoc with it. The photographer can greatly improve the effect of a statue by choosing proper light and by assuming a point of view from which a casual passer-by is not likely to see it. Also, I feel that a piece of sculpture may be good as material for a two-dimensional pattern without being nearly as good as a three-dimensional object. It is true in this case. The figure is mounted on the tomb of Melita Bethge, dated 1861.

Christ with a Garland. The figure of Christ holding a garland of roses stands before the tomb of B. Chisalberti in Metairie Cemetery and bears the date 1902. Possibly the statue was purchased from an older tomb.

Iron Crosses. The crosses as well as the cylindrical construction over this tomb are unique in New Orleans. Holger Cahill, Director of the Federal Art Project, thinks it is the only thing of its kind in the entire country. Very few people in New Orleans even know of its existence. The tomb is that of John McCarthy who was born in County Galway, Ireland, and died in New Orleans in 1837.

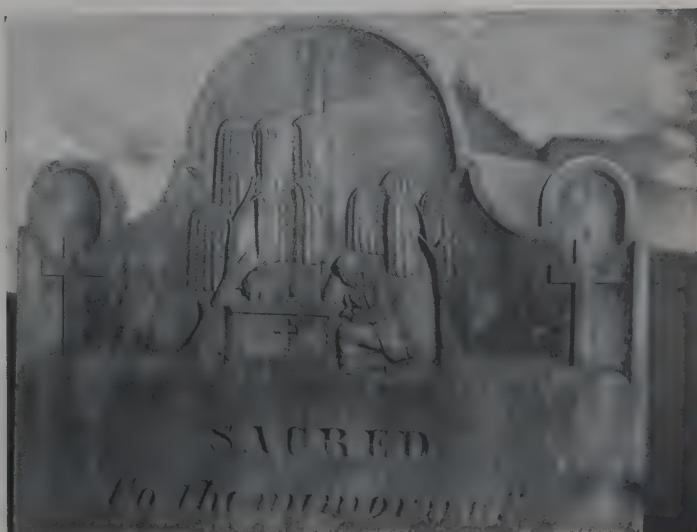
Cross Mounted on Curlicues. This is the only example of this particular construction in New Orleans. It rests on a low tomb belonging to J. D. Maignan and dated 1835.

Willow Tree Design. One of the best examples of this very fine pattern, of which about five examples are left in New Orleans. They were all used, as in this case, on the gates of tombs. Incidentally this particular tomb (that of Mary Reilly, dated 1864) is not raised but is level with the earth, something uncommon here before 1888. The gate-post shows the ear-of-corn motif, also used in several railings of the Vieux Carré but never so purely as in this instance. Particularly noteworthy is the name of the makers, Wood and Perot of Philadelphia, still showing on the rectangular frame of this gate. Very rarely is this to be discovered on New Orleans ironwork, probably because of the speed of the rusting process in the damp delta climate. I believe this is the first photographic proof on record of the fact that most ironwork in New Orleans was made in Philadelphia.

Design of Inverted Torches. This pattern, deriving from Empire decoration, is especially interesting because of the torches upside down, probably meant to convey the idea of death. This form is seldom found elsewhere in the city.

Willow Tree Tombstone. Two old Irish cemeteries of New Orleans contain remarkable designs cut into tombstones by Irish craftsmen. These deserve to be as well known as the widely admired New England gravestones. The best period of the designs was from 1847 to 1860. The stone shown here, that of Catherine Lyon (born in Ireland) and cut by Anthony Barrett in 1859, shows one of the many amazing designs based upon the willow tree. Compare this with the cast iron version of the same tree by Philadelphia craftsmen.

WILLOW TREE TOMBSTONE





MARIA MARGARIDA (BRAZIL): SHADOWS OF LIFE. IN THE LATIN AMERICAN EXHIBITION AT THE RIVERSIDE MUSEUM



FRANCISCO VIDAL (ARGENTINA): NUDE. IN THE LATIN AMERICAN EXHIBITION AT THE RIVERSIDE MUSEUM



EUGENIO PROENCA SIGAUD (BRAZIL): THE SLAVES' EXODUS. IN THE LATIN AMERICAN EXHIBITION CURRENT AT THE RIVERSIDE MUSEUM

EXHIBITION REVIEWS

LATIN AMERICANS

THE NEW YORK season, which usually begins to slack off noticeably in May, this year reversed itself. Ordinarily, a gentle drizzle of small solo water color shows, a few summer group exhibitions which remain unchanged until the galleries close or throughout the hot weather, and a veritable rain of school exhibitions bring the season to an end. But this year, which has held to a pace of more than thirty shows a week, group and organization exhibitions customarily put on in mid-season, together with a wealth of one-man shows, were held over until after the opening of the Fair. And all through June the pace continued. The World's Fair visitor seeking art, whether at the Fair or in New York City proper, should experience no lack of opportunities and complain of no lack of diversity this summer. For many of the current attractions will close only with the Fair itself and others are still to open.

For example, in connection with the Fair, though space for it within the actual precincts was not available, the United States New York World's Fair Commission has arranged a Latin American fine and applied art show at the Riverside (formerly the Roerich) Museum. Director Vernon Porter has installed the show with efforts worthy of a better exhibition. On several counts the affair is disappointing, despite the energies expended by all concerned. In the first place, much of the work (with excellent notable exceptions) turned out to be pretty derivative in its slant, many of the artists represented having studied in Europe and having brought back the impress of the School of Paris on their work.

The countries that finally came through are Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Mexico and Paraguay. Added to sculptures, paintings and prints are displays of national or native costumes, textiles, laces, ceramics and other craft work which prove to be not the least attractive feature of the event.

Of the paintings, the Brazilian artist, Eugenio Proenca Sigaud comes off well with *The Slaves' Exodus*, a work which

should make an excellent mural. Another artist from the same nation, Maria Margarida, in *Shadows of Life*, a laundry still-life, has turned out lightly and sketchily a canvas which at once relates to work by Pierre Roy, the abstractionists and the super-realists of the *trompe l'oeil* school. Landscapes in general throughout the show tend a little toward the pretty and the academic—academic of either the right or left wing—a striking exception being *The Squall*, a moody and atmospheric painting of considerable power by the Cuban artist, Antonio Rodriguez Morey.

Two Cuban sculptors also present very creditable work—Teodoro Ramos Blanco with his touching family group, *Eternal*, in mahogany, and the child's head, in marble, called *Inner Life*; Fernando Boada, whose *Voluptuous Woman*, in mahogany, should also be singled out. Rogelio Yrurtia, of Argentina, with his heroic-size bronze head of Moses, has also made a bid for future attention.

The Commission, of which Secretary Wallace is head, has spared no effort to make the event a noteworthy one and it is to be deeply regretted that the other nations did not respond. The show will continue through the summer.

OBJECT UNKNOWN

AN EVENT of very different nature has been the opening to the public of the Guggenheim Collection of non-objective art at 24 East 54 Street. Under a marquee labeled "The Art of Tomorrow," (without apologies to Mr. Whalen), the visitor enters a realm which may well cause him to think nervously of the famous Dantesque inscription over the gates of the Inferno. He is given a leaflet with an optical razzle-dazzle cover, in which Hilla Rebay, curator of the paint menagerie, has inscribed words explanatory of the inexplicable. And then the visitor, like the darky parson in the old story, is left to unscrew the inscrutable.

In this simply and tastefully decorated gray interior, through which an unseen musical device wafts strains of the more

erudite Bach compositions, the visitor may gaze upon large canvases by Rudolf Bauer and his master, Kandinsky, with an occasional Valmier or Gris to break the monotony of names, if not of presentments. Hundreds of exercises in paint made up of suspended globules, doo-dads, dingbats and spreading color greet the eye in a wanton profusion of sameness.

La Rebay explains that "Non-objective pictures contain no intellectual subject nor any similarity to any known object. Colors, forms and themes are combined by measurement of line and interval to create a unit of rhythm and beauty. It does not represent anything, and no form is supposed to look like anything known in nature. It is like music; it means nothing . . ." And again: "Many painters trying to create non-objective paintings, achieve merely dull decoration or simple patterns with not any spiritual message. The creative spirit of genius is needed to make intuition visible or audible which is art." With the last of which the visitor will agree. . . .

Finally, says the curator, "Genius is a special gift of God—to the élite of a nation. Great art is always advanced to the understanding of masses—yet masses are indirectly benefited through the fame for culture which the advance guard of élite brings to them in the increase of their importance as a nation." With that evocation of the ectoplasm of the Purple Cow the reverent visitor takes his leave.

TWO AMERICAN GROUPS

TWO LARGE and noteworthy group shows of American work, in decided contrast, are also current. The Downtown Gallery is closing its season with "American Art Past and Present," in which have been gathered together with folk art, oils and

water colors by living and dead artists. The arch-realist, William M. Harnett, in his penultimate still-life with carefully discriminated textures of book-bindings, stirs renewed admiration for the amazing virtuosity of this Victorian exponent of *trompe l'oeil*. Sheeler's recent *Silo* combines something of the earlier abstract feeling (as in *Upper Deck*) with something



TWO CUBAN SCULPTURES IN THE LATIN AMERICAN SHOW AT THE RIVERSIDE MUSEUM FOR THE SUMMER: Above: FERNANDO BOADA: VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN. Left: TEODORO RAMOS BLANCO: INNER LIFE



of the meticulous detail and perilously near "pretty" later Williamsburg paintings. Others represented are Coleman (an excellent architectural piece), Goldthwaite, Karfiol, O'Keeffe, Pascin and Katherine Schmidt, with oils; and Kuniyoshi, Preston Dickinson, Pop Hart, Marin, Steig, Rainey Bennett and John Stenvall, with gouaches or water colors.

Following in the wake of the Academy show (reviewed last month) the Grand Central Art Galleries launched their current (till mid-July) exhibition, "American Art Without 'isms.' It has been overlooked, perhaps, in the preparation, that "Academism" is very much an 'ism,' and that the present show is very, very redundant in that particular 'ism.' In fact, the example of the Academy show has been followed in that there are included in this exhibition works by Eakins, Sargent, Bruce Crane, Homer, Blashfield, Brush, Davies, Dain-gerfield, Duveneck, Inness, Henri and others deceased, and around them is assembled pretty much a Grand Central members' show of work by living artists, most of whom show at these galleries or have been associated with them. Much of the work consists of slick portraits, studio nudes, pretty landscapes and the like, and has the general air of an Academy an-



Above: BERNARD KARFIOL: FIGURE WITH YELLOW DRAPE. AT THE DOWNTOWN. Below: ALEXANDER JAMES: COUNTRY SONG. AT WALKER'S

nual—an event which was replaced this year by the century retrospective arranged by the Academy at the Fine Arts Building. About one hundred and fifty paintings, more than thirty pieces of sculpture and twice as many prints (the most interesting section) are on the roster. Much of the work is familiar—or seems to be.

BY POPULAR REQUEST

ONE OF THE current popular exhibitions is being extended and one of the sensationaly popular shows of the season has been summoned back for the summer. The first is the annual outdoor show by members of the Sculptors Guild, on the city-owned vacant lot in the midst of towering Park Avenue apartment houses. Between thirty and forty thousand visitors have already attended the exhibition. Without further announcement the Guild continued its show after the official closing date and found that several hundred people daily came to see the work and a flood of requests poured in for a continuation. So the protraction of the event has been definitely decided upon.

At the same time the new galleries of the Associated American Artists decided to recall the retrospective exhibition of painting by Thomas Benton, which was attended by some forty thousand visitors during the four weeks it was current in April. So through the summer the Benton career will be open to inspection by Fair visitors, several thousands of whom wrote requesting an opportunity to see the show, according to the gallery.

Paintings, sculptures, prints and drawings by American contemporaries have been assembled for a simultaneous exhibition. The artists represented are Aaron Bohrod, George





LEONID: BOUCHOT EN V, 1937.
EXHIBITED AT JULIEN LEVY'S

Biddle, Arnold Blanch, James Chapin, Irwin Hoffman, Joe Jones, Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, John Costigan, Paul Burlin, William Zorach, José de Creeft, Hélène Sardeau, Ernest Fiene, Adolf Dehn, Peggy Bacon, George Grosz, Eugene Higgins and many others.

OLD WORLD MODERNISTS AND MODERNS

EUROPEAN MODERNISTS are not in danger of being overlooked in the shuffle. Besides the excellent show of work by American and European artists at Kraushaar's, reviewed last month,

the Lilienfeld Galleries have opened a show including characteristic work by Chagall, Renoir, Vlaminck, Derain and others, including the famous Cézanne *Curtain* (from the Bernheim Jeune Collection and, later, the collection of Dr. Reber of Lausanne), together with a diabolical red *Moulin Rouge* study by Lautrec. The two pictures by themselves are sufficient to carry a much larger show with them. Also a small, well selected group of old masters in another part of the gallery, including a Greco *St. Peter* and a late Goya *St. Paul*, makes the visit a double delight. (Continued on page 432)



JAMES PENNEY: BEACH AFTER SUNSET, WATER COLOR. SHOWN AT HUDSON WALKER'S GALLERY



VELAZQUEZ: LAS MENINAS (LADIES IN WAITING), AMONG THE SPANISH ART TREASURES EXHIBITED THIS SUMMER AT GENEVA

NEWS AND COMMENT

Spain's Art Treasures at Geneva

PARADOXICALLY, A PORTION of the Spanish art treasures which the Republican Government took such pains to preserve for the Spanish people will be exhibited this summer on foreign soil. Anyone who is in Geneva, Switzerland, between now and August 31 will have the opportunity to view over one hundred and fifty paintings and tapestries, comprising some of the finest works from the Prado, the Academy of San Fernando, the Escorial, the Royal Palace and private collections in and around Madrid.

These and many other art treasures were brought to Geneva in February to be housed in the Palace of the League of Nations pending the outcome of the Spanish Civil War. After Great Britain and France recognized the Franco régime all the rescued works of art in Geneva were, figuratively speaking, turned over to the Spanish minister at Berne. It is understood that many have already been returned to Madrid; those that were withheld for exhibition will doubtless follow.

The Spanish art treasures played a dramatic role in the recent holocaust. Theirs was a remarkable progress from bombshells to security, in whose saga are many chapters still to be written. From newspaper correspondents, such as Herbert L. Matthews of the *New York Times* (whose article *Spanish Art Survives* appeared in the August, 1937, issue of the Magazine), from the accounts of such first-hand observers as Sir Frederic Kenyon, former Director of the British Museum, and Stephen Spender, writer, we learned of the extraordinary courage and perseverance of the Republicans in their efforts to safeguard works of art from the museums, churches, palaces and private houses of Madrid. First rushed into the vaults of the Bank of Spain, a great number were subsequently transported to Valencia, where they were placed in storage. A year later, however, it was necessary to move them to Catalonia, where they were first stored in private houses and later in the Castle at Perelada.

Meanwhile an International Committee for the Salvage of

Spanish Art Treasures was organized, instigated by the French Beaux-Arts Academy with the assistance of the Institute and the Louvre authorities and in cooperation with the Secretary-General of the League of Nations and the Spanish Republican Government. Plans were made to transport the works of art over the frontier. At first it was suggested that the paintings might be exhibited in Paris, but eventually the Committee adopted the proposal made by José María Sert, Catalan mural painter, that they be shipped to Geneva.

Apparently arrangements for transportation were completed none too soon, for the Castle at Perelada was set on fire before all the objects were removed and it is still uncertain how many were lost. An article in the British *Museums Journal* (April, 1939), quoting mainly from the report of Mr. Neil MacLaren of the National Gallery who was official British delegate to the Committee, described the hazardous journey by motor lorries over the border. Some of the works of art were first hidden away in a talc mine near the frontier. Finally after everything had been safely received at depots at Le Boulu and Saint-Jean-Pla-de-Cors, a special train of twenty-two sealed cars proceeded to Geneva, where the contents were unpacked under the eyes of Swiss customs officials and police.

The summer's exhibition at Geneva is an occasion of first magnitude: an exhibition to be viewed retrospectively as art and as history and in its tragic implications to set us wondering about the future. Among the one hundred and forty-four paintings on view are thirty-eight by Goya, twenty-five by El Greco and thirty-four by Velazquez. Also represented are Murillo, Pantoja, Ribera, Sanchez Coello, Zurbaran, and others.

The Goyas include the famous and merciless portrait of the family of Charles IV, as well as several individual portraits of the Royal Family and members of the Court circle. Also shown are *Maja Nude* and *Maja Clothed*, a self-portrait (listed as from the Academy of San Fernando), portraits of Josefa Bayeu, Goya's wife, and of Francisco Bayeu, his brother-in-law. Other works include *The Madhouse*, formerly owned by the family of the Duke of Osuna, *Scenes of the Inquisition*, and the portrait of the Countess Chinchon, removed from a room in a private house in Madrid which six months later was destroyed by bombing.

Among the El Grecos are *The Dream of Philip II*, from the Escorial, *Portrait of a Cavalier with His Hand on His Heart* (Prado No. 809), *Saint Benedict* (Prado No. 806), *The Baptism of Christ* (Prado No. 821), *The Trinity* (Prado No. 824), *The Resurrection* (Prado No. 825), a portrait of San Ildefonso, from Illescas, and *The Annunciation*, from the Academy of San Fernando.

Velazquez is handsomely represented by a large number of portraits including those of Philip IV (Prado Nos. 1182, 1183, 1184), Don Balthazar Carlos (Prado Nos. 1180 and 1189), *The Duke of Olivares* (Prado No. 1181), also *St. Anthony and St. Paul* (Prado No. 1169) and other such well known works as *The Ladies in Waiting* (*Las Meninas*) and *The Spinners*.

There are two paintings by Zurbaran—*Saint Casilda* (Prado No. 1239) and *Portrait of Jeronimo Perez*, from the Academy of San Fernando; and five by Ribera, including the *Martyrdom of Saint Bartholomew*.

In the foreign section are works by such masters as Breu-

ghel, Dürer, Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, Raphael, Rubens, Van Dyck, as well as a generous representation of the early Flemish school. Tapestries in the exhibition are late fifteenth-century Flemish and sixteenth-century Brussels, from the Royal Palace, Madrid.

Diana the Huntress

A FAR CRY from his portrait busts of Voltaire and other French celebrities is the graceful terra cotta figure of *Diana the Huntress* by Jean-Antoine Houdon (1741-1828), recently acquired by the Frick Collection, New York.

The statue, although the only one in terra cotta, is one of several versions of the same subject, first conceived by the sculptor in 1773. In 1777 he exhibited a plaster model of Diana in his studio. It is said that it at once created a sensation, that "it became a lively subject of discussion in intellectual Parisian circles" and "surmises were made as to whether it was a portrait." In 1781 Houdon executed a marble version of the same figure for Catherine II of Russia, which afterwards was in the Hermitage, and is now in a private collection in Paris. Later the artist cast two bronzes of the same subject, one of which is now in the Louvre, Paris, the other in the Huntington Library and Art Gallery, San Marino, California.

One can imagine this slim, diffident and highly cultivated Diana appearing as a pleasant relief from the redundant rococo nudes of the day. We are told in the announcement from the Frick Collection that "it served as a perfect transition piece, summing up in its charm and vitality the best qualities of rococo sculpture and painting, in its dignity and beautifully organized contours, to the elements most sought after by the nineteenth-century classicists." We can think of



PRINCE ANKH-HAF. PAINTED LIMESTONE BUST FROM GIZA. FOURTH DYNASTY EGYPTIAN. ACQUIRED BY HARVARD-MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION. SHOWN AT THE MUSEUM

no better resting place for *Diana the Huntress* than among the eighteenth and nineteenth century works of art with which she will be surrounded in her new home.

Whereabouts Unknown

MUSICOLOGISTS TELL US that our immediate musical past is greatly in danger of being lost before it is documented. It would seem that in painting we have somewhat the same difficulty. For in connection with the retrospective exhibition planned by the Art Institute of Chicago for this Fall there are several paintings the Department of Painting and Sculpture is unable to locate. We list them below, with the titles, names of the artists and the years they were shown at the Art Institute. Anyone with information concerning the present whereabouts of these paintings is asked to communicate with Frederick A. Sweet, Assistant Curator of Painting and Sculpture, Art Institute of Chicago:

Still-Life with Navajo Blanket by Preston Dickinson (1931); *Harvest Time* by William Morris Hunt (1889); *Lilian* by Abbott Thayer (1888); *Winter Landscape* by Theodore Robinson (1890); *Adam and Eve Mourning the Loss of Abel* by Elihu Vedder (1913); and the following by J. G. Brown—*A Lack of Confidence* (1888), *104 Degrees in the Shade* (1890), *Head Over Heels* (1894), *A Slight Misunderstanding* (1894), *Watching the Train* (1894), *A Builder of Boats* (1905).

The Art Institute of Chicago, instead of holding a fiftieth annual modeled on all its predecessors, will celebrate by presenting "Half a Century of American Art."

Golden Gate Contemporary Jury

BY THE TIME this issue appears the Jury for the Contemporary Art Section of the Golden Gate International Exposition will have met and the twenty-five cash prizes will have been awarded. The Department of Fine Arts of the San Francisco Fair appointed Daniel Catton Rich, Director of Fine Arts of the Art Institute of Chicago, as Chairman. The other members of the Jury were Homer Saint-Gaudens, Director of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh; Henri Marceau, Assistant Director and Curator of Painting and Sculpture at the Philadelphia Museum; and two artists—Henry Varnum Poor, of New City, New York, and William Gaw of San Francisco.

Artists claim that the tendency of the contemporary exhibition in San Francisco is toward romanticism. It will be interesting to learn the Jury's reaction to this collection of the art of our time, chosen by one man, Roland J. McKinney, now Director of the Los Angeles Museum, and formerly head of the Baltimore Museum.

Daring but Easy

"DARING BUT EASY," was the comment by the distinguished French detective, Commissioner André Roches, concerning the theft of Watteau's *L'Indifferent* from the Louvre in broad daylight, according to the account in the *New York Times* on June 13.

News of the loss of the painting was withheld for several days, in the hope that there might be some explanation for its removal, or that it might be traced without publicity. However, the steel wires by which it was suspended were cut clean, and there



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JEAN ANTOINE HOUDON: DIANA THE HUNTRESS, TERRA COTTA VERSION. RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE FRICK COLLECTION, NEW YORK CITY

is every reason to believe that the painting was stolen.

While it may have been easy to steal the tiny canvas, it is considered that it will be exceedingly difficult to dispose of it, in these days of worldwide communication. Descriptions and photographs have been widely circulated to all dealers and police, here and abroad.

(Continued on page 438)

NEW BOOKS ON ART

Twenty-One Letters from van Gogh

Vincent van Gogh Letters to Emile Bernard. Edited, Translated and with a Foreword by Douglas Lord. New York, 1939. Museum of Modern Art. Price \$2.50.

HAD VINCENT VAN GOGH approached life only through his emotions and this been the only side to his character as a man, then his art would never claim the wide appeal it does today. In addition to these emotions (which were intense) van Gogh possessed a mind that was, to an equally high degree, keen, perceptive and profound. It is this intellect that impresses anyone who reads the artist's letters. Though they contain passages of undeniable emotion: ". . . I have seven studies of wheatfields . . . Yellow landscapes, old gold, done quickly, quickly, quickly, with urgency like the harvester who works silently in the blazing sun, concentrating on his work . . .", the man's steadyintellect is ever present, guiding his hand: ". . . What I meant about black and white amounts to this. Take for example *The Sower*. The picture is divided in two: the upper part yellow, the lower part violet. Now the white trousers serve to appease and distract the eye at the moment when it would become irritated by the excessively violent contrast of yellow and violet . . ."

Vincent van Gogh's letters are, to this reviewer, unique in literature. The three volumes (now out of print) containing his correspondence with his brother Theo, tell a nearly complete story of his life and consequently have all the suspense inherent in his continued struggles in the world of men and the world of art. The twenty-one letters which he wrote to Emile Bernard between 1887 and 1889 and which comprise the present issue of the Museum of Modern Art (in addition there are a letter to and a note from Paul Gauguin) hold none of this suspense and scarcely contain a satisfactory suggestion of van Gogh's life even during his first eight months in Arles (within which time eighteen of the letters date). But they do have the intense, actually the nervous vitality so characteristic of van Gogh's writing; and this produces a correspondingly intense, virtually an emotional interest for their reader. The emotional in these letters, however, has been transmuted by the man's very intellect into a deeply moving and, for all the radiance behind it, a heart-breaking (*narrant* would be Vincent's word) philosophy of life. Deep, but in no sense mystical, this is as natural and complete as the artist's own canvases in the execution of which he tells Bernard that it was a "question of giving the sun and the blue of the sky their full force and brilliance and yet not omitting the fine aroma of the wild thyme which pervades the hard-baked, often melancholy, landscape." This and the other quotations give, in essence, van Gogh's language, as cleanly stripped of unnecessary detail as are the lines in those pen drawings with which he illustrated the letters and which, together with his canvases on the same motifs, are reproduced in the present volume.

The mention of "language" brings us to a primary consideration. These letters are translations into English from the French in which van Gogh, a Dutchman, originally penned them to Emile Bernard, a contemporary French artist, fifteen

years his junior. Vincent's French always had a Dutch impetus of construction, and this makes it unusually difficult to translate, demanding literally the equivalent of this peculiar clause arrangement. Mr. Douglas Lord, the present English translator, has done better than the "adequate" proverbially demanded of translations, and has arrived at a wording in the latter, more crucial letters which, to one who has long revered the originals, seems nearly perfect.

Where Mr. Lord does fall down, in this reviewer's opinion, is in the "Introduction" and "Biographical Note on Emile Bernard." Remarking upon the van Gogh legend, those apocryphal tales which, without question or qualm, one biographer has copied verbatim from the other, Mr. Lord does nothing to remedy—at least within the scope of the present letters—this unfortunate situation by providing the reader with sufficient correct data for a fair visualization of the circumstances under which the letters were written. The "Chronology" at the back of the book, when it states: "1888. February: Vincent suddenly departs for Arles," could hardly convey a reason for such departure to anyone unfamiliar with Vincent's life. Further, while this "Chronology" contains random remarks about Vincent's friendship in Paris with Emile Bernard, it would have seemed that these might better have been treated at greater length in the "Biographical" foreword where they would appear more logically to deserve the space presently allotted to Bernard's associations with Gauguin and Cézanne (the latter some fifteen years after van Gogh's death). Notes have been lavishly provided for each letter; but these, too, presuppose a familiarity not only with Vincent's life but also with his art as listed in the extensive and expensive de la Faille Catalogue Raisonné; or else they merely offer general items of information, pointing out, for instance, that when van Gogh writes of "Le Roi Soleil" he means "Louis XIV, King of France" (n. d.)! Nor are a specialist's requirements quite met by these notes, for they leave unanswered many a pertinent question raised by the text, as, for example, whether Bernard still has the sketch Vincent painted for him, from memory and against his better artistic inclinations, of "a maquereau and his tart making it up after a row." With Emile Bernard, one of the relatively few friends Vincent ever made, still alive and apparently now resident at Paris, surely many such points could have been ascertained; but Bernard does not seem to have been sufficiently consulted, nor have, except for a page or two, his various articles on van Gogh (which prefaced the single French edition [Volland, 1911] of these letters) been used, although Mr. Lord writes that they are "possibly still among the most sensitive and understanding studies ever published"!

Regardless of their lack of prefatorial explanation (which would have added to the enjoyment of the casual reader), these letters are vital enough to engross anyone who will give his time to them. They add little new material to that contained in the letters to Theo, but they do clearly show Vincent's character and they offer as complete a statement of his artistic credo as we have anywhere. We see Vincent's sharp critical

insight, not only in connection with the young Bernard's painting but also with the poetry he was then writing.

Perhaps most interesting of all, most likely to come as a revelation to the unprepared reader, is that side of Vincent's character that must have been the despair of his few friends just as it must largely be considered responsible for much of his strongest work. *His obstinate tenacity on any point which he believed to be right!* This becomes sharply self-evident when Bernard happens to quote some lines by the poet Baudelaire on Rembrandt. Vincent takes violent exception and in several ensuing letters loses no opportunity to prove at length to Bernard just how wrong both he and Baudelaire are about Rembrandt. He sums up his whole attitude when he says: "But if, for example, you and I were to disagree, I feel sure that eventually you would see that I am right." It must have been hard for anyone at the time to bow meekly before so categorical a statement. Yet Vincent did speak the truth. Time has proved that, given the actual and peculiar circumstances of his own life and painting, he invariably was right.

The Baudelaire-Rembrandt passages show us Vincent's wide knowledge of and considered opinions upon world art in general. In the light of such paragraphs it becomes impossible for anyone to believe, as Julius Meier-Graefe has it in his popular biography of van Gogh, that Gauguin opened Vincent's eyes by "panoramas" to art's historical evolution. And when we find Vincent writing (and amplifying the subject in Letter XI), "By the word *collaboration*, my dear Bernard, I didn't mean that two or several painters ought to work on the same picture," another crucial scene in Meier-Graefe's work collapses, for he has Vincent's mental crisis commence when Gauguin laughs in prolonged derision at his insistence that several artists work on the *same* picture.

The Meier-Graefe inaccuracies just cited may suggest the opinions about van Gogh which many readers, previously unfamiliar with other van Gogh letters, will have to reverse after finishing this correspondence with Bernard. Meier-Graefe is somehow the last critic one would idly accuse of falsification. He was among the first to write about van Gogh, contacting around 1900 those who had known Vincent, and it is largely through Meier-Graefe's writing that van Gogh became known throughout Europe. Yet despite the excellence of Meier-Graefe's analysis of the canvases themselves, it becomes increasingly evident that he distorted Vincent's emotional nature out of all true proportion. This, of course, is the amazing thing that a study of Vincent van Gogh's own writing discloses; what has happened constitutes what Mr. Lord has called the "van Gogh legend" and what the present reviewer likes to think of as "the traditional Vincent van Gogh." Writers have apparently been afraid of the real man, have preferred to make of *him* what *they* believed a genius should be, and have ignored completely the man as he disclosed himself in the letters—which he never for a moment believed would ever be published. The character he unconsciously shows is as basically truthful, as close to nature and at the same time as unusual and different as the canvases he himself painted. May these letters he wrote to Bernard, now so readily, reasonably and attractively available for the first time in English translation, find the large and receptive reading public they

deserve. May they do their part towards establishing in the minds of many Americans a definite and true idea of the real Vincent van Gogh.—EDUARD BUCKMAN.

Miss Hoffman on Sculpture

Sculpture Inside and Out. By Malvina Hoffman. New York, 1939. W. W. Norton & Co. Price \$3.75.

THIS BOOK CONTAINING all possible information about sculpture is pleasant to read and entertaining, in spite of the fact that it is mainly filled with instructions on technical procedures of modeling, carving, casting, etc., and also with many recipes for bronze patina, wax, waterproofing of plaster and the like.

It would be very tedious if it were not for the many anecdotes drawn from the experiences of Malvina Hoffman herself and from other sculptors. These appear throughout the book, usually in connection with technical points that are being explained. An abundance of reproductions of sculpture, often in different working stages, illustrations of tools and other equipment give a clear picture of the things which a young sculptor would find only in the larger studios and, rarely, in teaching institutions.

The book has two parts. The first and shorter one contains a brief outline and a condensed history of sculpture leading up to contemporary currents. It also tells what a sculptress thinks about besides her technical problems. Her opinions and meditations reveal how thoughts, ideas and plans may develop into material forms.

The chapter, "Can Sculpture be Taught," should be read twice by beginners and those planning to begin. But they should bear in mind as they read that it is written by a successful sculptress—not by someone who failed. Someone in the latter category should be better qualified to write on this subject and should do so some time.

The second part consists mainly of technical advice and instructions. Many young sculptors and especially sculptresses, who have never worked in a big studio, will find here a description of all that happens. There are ten chapters dealing in a perhaps irregular sequence with these subjects: the sculptor's studio, anatomy, drawing and modeling, carving, garden and architectural sculpture, reliefs and medals, animals, enlarging and reducing, photography and lighting, plaster and terra cotta, bronze, original or fake.

I must confess that I was mean enough to look for something that was wrong, but instead I got quite a bit of new information and concluded this to be a handy book for the professional sculptor, too. A few things I missed; for instance, information about modeling directly in terra cotta. And, in the chapter about enlarging, where five or six different enlarging machines were reproduced, a photograph or a schematic drawing of a home-made one would have been of interest, since such a one costs only a few pennies and a few hours to construct. Also, some information about the negative cut technique would have been greatly appreciated. This technique is especially suited and often necessary for low reliefs like coins, medals and plaques with lettering. If there were not room enough for this information, several unimportant parts could have been omitted, like the one, for instance, which explains how to change the proportions of a relief while enlarging it by

means of the net system. In the case described it would have been better to redesign anyway.

Many illustrations of tools, modeling stands and other necessary equipment give a clear picture of what a studio should contain. I, however, would not want that "human skeleton articulated and hung on a supporting iron." Schematic drawings sometimes explain the text, as, for example, the system of using the triangle, often called the stork's bill, in stone carving when the enlarging ratio is an odd one. The described method of establishing points on a stone seemed to me rather complicated, but it shows the principle clearly enough. Usually skilled craftsmen are called in anyway, when work gets highly specialized, but it is good for the sculptor to know what they are doing. Therefore, he would do well to learn from this book where medals are made, what happens to his model after it enters a workshop and what goes on in a bronze foundry.

Most of the technical processes are explained step by step. These directions seem easy to follow and many will attempt to do so to their regret and disappointment. Instead, these perfectly good instructions should be thought of as a guide to what should first be learned and practiced. For there are many traps, especially when it comes to handling plaster, which one learns to avoid only by practical experience. The book is full of warnings in this respect, but the beginner will be eager to cast nevertheless. It does not matter much, for even in this way practical experience is gained. But the beginner should remember that no book can tell what to do when the beloved figure is hopelessly buried under a heap of plaster. Therefore, this book should be mainly an introduction to what has to be learned. It should bring about a realization that the technicalities are too many and too complicated to be picked up here and there. The learning of them requires practical study and this can only be managed where real work is being done.

—HENRY KREIS.

Stein and Picasso

Picasso. By Gertrude Stein. New York, 1939. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Price \$3.

FOR HER ESSAY on Picasso Gertrude Stein uses the half-colloquial, half-oracular style of her lectures. There is nothing difficult when she writes as a colloquial Minerva. But those excursions Miss Stein has made into inventive writing with her equally arbitrary returns to "lucidity" make a close parallel to Picasso's alternate periods of realism and invention. This shifting from realism to creative experiment is one of the interests Miss Stein feels she has shared most particularly with Picasso. It is the one which causes her to feel she was the only person who understood Picasso in his first struggle for personal expression. But there are other bonds, a sympathy Miss Stein finds between Spaniards and Americans as representatives of the twentieth-century spirit, and the necessity for painters to have writers as their friends.

This is an interpretive chronicle of Picasso's emptying and renewing of himself, a process he has used with more vigor and resourcefulness than any other contemporary painter. It is a fascinating study of his realism, which was French and part of the nineteenth century, and his personal reality, that is, his personal interpretation of what he saw and knew, which

was Spanish and part of the twentieth century's new vision. The nineteenth-century artist had painted what he saw. The twentieth-century artist was to be led by this Spaniard to paint what he knew about what he saw. Miss Stein clarifies this alternate Frenchness and Spanishness, which brought Picasso through a Toulouse-Lautrec phase; the "blue period," which resulted from his first return to Spain and a new awareness of the essential monotony of Spanish color. Then came the gay and wistful harlequin or "rose" period. This was followed by Cubism, a logical outgrowth from the Spanish scene and the Spanish temperament, which is always in opposition to nature and which Miss Stein says is like the American temper in refusing to accept reality as reality. There was then the interest in African sculpture, and after the exhaustion of Cubism came the second "rose" period, followed in turn by the classical series of magnificent and audacious figures. Calligraphy, instinct from Saracenic Spain, became another preoccupation in opposition to a Russian tendency, while Surrealism was only a temporary French seduction. In 1937 came a reaffirmation of the Spanish Picasso. This long and fecund career, prolific outpouring and intense renewal, experienced only two spells when inactivity was necessary for the adjustment of his spirit.

Miss Stein has written a brief, close-packed essay, helpfully repetitious in the development of its themes and recapitulations. With her style, like her Saint Thérèse "half in and half out of doors," she defines the twentieth-century spirit as she elucidates Picasso. She points a good distinction between the egos of the writer and the painter. She makes many wise and provocative comments on the instincts of nations, the inner struggles of the artist, and the status of the genius in the contemporary spirit. In her personal idiom she is often wise and lucid where others with a more conventional syntax are needlessly abstruse. Miss Stein's sentences are flexible and there are times when she calls on the reader's intuition as she folds words back on themselves with different meanings.

However, puzzling arguments come out of her epilogue. If, as Miss Stein says, the twentieth century is one that is splendid because it has radically new visions, in part symbolized by the vision we now have from the air, visions which do not stem from scientific reasonableness and which soon destroy themselves, is that not a prophecy of exhaustion and chaos?

With all Picasso's creative ability and his fecundity, his importance as a contemporary spirit, (in the Stein argument partly from racial instincts and their relation to what the world has become), what is the significance of this rapid splendor and quick exhaustion and replenishing for new splendor? Early in the book Miss Stein says the generations never change, only the things seen change. With this statement of continuation as an undercurrent, in contrast to her use of the word destruction, which implies, though perhaps I am wrong to take it so, sterility, no issue and chaos, does Picasso become an exaggeratedly contemporary figure? Those who believe in continuation wonder if there may not be others in the "changeless generations" who are making a more profound record of their time. On her premise of splendor and destruction as the spirit of the twentieth century, Miss Stein says Picasso is certainly the one.—PRENTISS TAYLOR.

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EXHIBITION REVIEWS

(Continued from page 424)

Nierendorf is showing paintings by Karl Hofer, including *The Wind*, a Carnegie prize winner lent for the occasion, together with a number of works of recent years, among them the vigorous and dramatic *Alarm*.

Julien Levy has little trace of Dali and more extreme modernist examples in his summer show, which includes, however, several fine paintings by Eugene Berman; several of the nostalgic and beautiful canvases by Leonid; an arresting *Head of a Monk*, a small and appealing canvas by Peter Blume; and typical paintings by Tchelitchev, Bérard, Chirico, Magritte and others.

Pierre Matisse is also putting on a summer show of French moderns, among them Miro, Chirico, Rouault, Gris, Bonnard, Matisse and Picasso. The three paintings by Henri Matisse are from the last decade, *The Yellow Hat* being a particularly pleasing study in yellow-greens and lavender. The Rouault *Three Clowns* is one of the heavily leaded group compositions with an almost savage impact. Bonnard's *Woman with Flowers* is in that artist's brightest, warmest manner—almost in vermillion key. Miro's *Still-Life with Horse*, an early semi-abstract and highly diverting work, overshadows the later blobby and splotchy canvases in which amoeba-like forms endlessly subdivide to no purpose. Picasso's *Arlésienne* is a work of the Cubist era. The show is a good miniature of much of the modern movement.—HOWARD DEVREE.

PAINTER OF NEW MEXICO

(Continued from page 395)

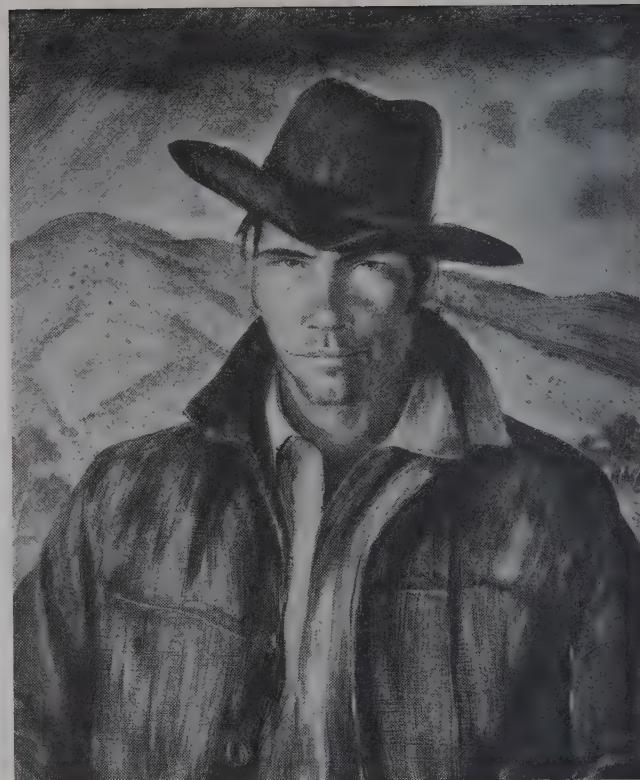
when I began to work in the more exacting medium of true fresco her criticism was even more than usually helpful.

At this time after so many years I realized again that for me my native land was much the most exciting of any I knew. I saw again the level plains under the infinite sky-dome; I saw the march of distant rain storms and smelt the fragrant prairie grass and the rain-moist earth. And I remembered when, as a child, I had first known the beneficence of rainfall, feeling its mystery and sacredness as I suppose only people can who live in arid lands. An engulfing emotion overtook me; I decided that I must contrive somehow to re-establish myself there.

I heard of a small ranch for sale back in the foothills of those mountains whose distant blue profiles I had always known and since 1935 my residence has been more there than

Correction

Regretfully we learn that captions to our reproductions of Hans Leinberger's *Man of Sorrows* (April, 1939; pp. 198, 200) wrongly placed the work at Landshut. It is in the Deutsches Museum, Berlin. Herewith apologies to Director Demmler of Berlin and Author Milliken of Cleveland.—ED.



PETER HURD: EL MOCHO, 1936. AWARDED THE WATSON J. BLAIR PRIZE, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, IN THE SPRING OF 1937

in Pennsylvania. My wife and children love our life in that remote valley, and we have extended the old adobe ranch house to include two studios. Through the ranch runs the Rio Ruidoso, a river so small (except in flood time) that in Pennsylvania it would be called a run. Along the course of this river are the clustered adobe houses with their gardens, orchards and corrals. These are called rancherías and are lived in for the most part by Mexican people. The rancherías were so located originally for mutual protection against mrauders; also, of course, for the clear, icy water that races down from the sierras. Beyond the valley on both sides is a vast solitude where an occasional goatherd is the only human being one meets in a day's ride.

• • •

AS FOR MY philosophy of art, my credo is a simple one. It is to live just as intensely as possible, to keep my perceptions at a peak of sensitivity and to try to realize to the fullest every moment of consciousness. When it comes to the actual creation of a picture, the process begins with a slow period of gestation which must precede work in the ultimate material. This gestation consists in the making of many small drawings indicating design as well as later studies from nature; but underlying this must be a constant meditation in which mentally the picture is painted many times.

Aside from its beautiful optical qualities the medium of fresco has for me a great attraction. It combines all the deliberacy and contemplative preparation of other techniques with the necessary impulsive fire and passion of execution

which are demanded by a medium in which the painter works against time on a moist plaster surface. He dares not forget that this surface is turning as it dries into unchangeable limestone.

Although there may be no such obvious finalities in picture-making in other materials, I believe each medium imposes its obligations on the artist. It is hard to understand how in an age so fond of science we have so often ignored the learning of sound technique. I do not refer here to flashy brushwork or other tricks of the trade, but to the craftsmanlike building of a picture from the physio-chemical standpoint. Whatever may be the medium, I feel it is the duty of every serious artist to give this his careful consideration. Else how can we whose living must come from these works find a buying public? Certainly the buyer cannot be blamed for inquiring into the physical length of life of the work he is considering for purchase.

I believe the artist, beside this craft knowledge, should have the soundest sort of academic training in drawing, so that whatever idiom he adopts later, or whatever interpretive distortion or simplification he essays, it will be done with authority and conviction. In this I speak as one himself striving toward this end, and not at all as one who has reached it. But it is my deep conviction that this is the way to great painting.

CRAFTSMANSHIP

(Continued from page 409)

work, presented by the great binders,—Bonet, Bonfils, Crette, Rose Adler, Michel and René Kieffer—reveals their skill in the use of form, balance and spatial design.

Lithographs, etchings and wood-cuts, signed by the great names in French art enrich the editions de luxe among the illustrated books. Those by Rouault and one with original lithographs by Odilon Redon, the father of surrealism, are beyond all praise.

The modern silver displayed is entirely consistent with the essential esthetic of today. Master silversmiths observe scrupulous simplicity in design. Their plate, in form and in reality of material, approaches the excellence of the primitive Rhodian and Minoan silver. But as modernists they have translated this quality of reticence into forms as clipped as an airplane fuselage. Of particular fineness is the silverware by Jensen. Puiforcat, in the Church Unit, presents chalices and patens that are the peers of medieval church treasure.

The enamels shown are more limited in number. However, their quality is good. Mitzi Otten gives whimsical Viennese humor to her decorations. The plaques by Russell Barnett Aitken, the murals by H. Edward Winter, all unusually large, evidence a dramatic development of modern technique, equal to enamels of this size.

The discovery comes after a turn through the gallery of glass, that the differences in the "feel" of the material are as subtle as the differences between ceramic glazes. A Baccarat bowl has a more velvety surface than the clear Orrefors glass.

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JAY H. CONNAWAY, A.N.A., was born in Indiana, but in recent years has made Monhegan Island, Maine, his home. Here each summer he greets the hundreds of artists and serious art students who come for inspiration to this veritable marine painter's paradise. After winning the first Hallgarten Prize in the National Academy and other exhibition honors, he had a number of successful one-man shows at Macbeth Galleries. Many museums and private galleries have acquired his powerful marines, among them the Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis, Ind., Canajoharie, N. Y., Art Gallery, etc.

Mr. Connaway advocates a very simple palette for his seascapes which "are briskly executed, stormy and ominous." Speaking of his use for many years of Grumbacher Artists' Material and Brushes, he says:

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Lalique is slicker than Leerdam and the metal of Steuben, though formed into fine architectural pieces, is perhaps over-clear, over-vitreous and hard in feeling.

Fine exemplars from Orrefors are a bowl and platter etched with dancing figures and vases incised with designs by Ed. Ohrstrom and Victor Lindstrand; and from Steuben, a heavy blown bowl by Walter Heintze and a Vase with Gazelle by Sidney Waugh.

Marianne von Allesch contributes scherzos in blown glass. Francois Decorcement does wonders with pate de verre. Maurice Marinot contrives bottles of strange color and personal form, while Henri Navarre has done something entirely new, using his metal as a mass and sculpting rock-solid bottles and bowls. Of his masks, one made of white glass with a rough translucence is infused with poignancy and mystery.

An exhibition of American ceramics encircles the pottery work-shop. To judge from their offerings the genius of our ceramists appears not overly lusty. With reservations, nevertheless, for Henry Varnum Poor, Russell Barnett Aitken, Vally Wieselthier are scrupulous craftsmen. Stoneware of quality, from Herbert H. Sanders, Arthur E. Baggs, Paul Bogatay; vivacious figure modeling from Viktor Schreckengost, Suzy Singer and Thelma Frazer, and Carl Walters has solidity and invention.

An extensive collection of hand and machine-woven materials has been brought together from Sweden, France, Finland and Italy. There are also many remarkable American weaves.

Collectors' pieces among the handmade textiles are the weavings of Marta Taipale of Finland, who shuttles works of art ad lib, using whatever material comes to her hand. There are innocent liturgical embroideries from the Licium of Stockholm needled with the graphic directness of a Coptic panel.

The most remarkable textiles, however, are the modern Beauvais tapestries, shown by Mme. Cuttoli of Paris, under whose care the declining art of tapestry has found new life. The cartoons by Miro, Leger, Le Corbusier and Braque have been happily restated in tapestry terms. Impressive as the weavings after designs by Matisse, Rouault, Picasso and Dufy unquestionably are, they leave the loom rather as paintings upon the fabric than as wrought tapestry expressions.

The rugs are largely abstract and geometrical, with sculptured texture in the pile, and an absence of florid pattern consistent with the most recent architectural tendencies. Marion Dorn, V'Soske, Henri Laurens, Gilbert Rohde and Ashley Havinden work effectively with the play of light and shade in bas relief rugs. Effective through design are rugs by Lurçat, Miro and a small but exceptional piece by Marguerite Zorach.

An enlivening thing to observe in the textile collection is the quickness of contemporary weavers to snatch up and make their own the rayons, cellophanes, glass threads and the myriad new dyes that the industrial laboratories have to offer them. The results show a variety of new textures related to the textures of the modern synthetic building materials, and an endless modulation of color.

In addition a great improvement in design is apparent, for today the major artists are impressed into the service of both hand and of machine weavers. Due to the inventiveness of the hand-weavers, the machine designers have learned much from their looms. The machine-made textiles exhibited have a quality formerly found only in costly hand-made fabrics. The art of the craftsman has in this instance passed over into mass production. Here is the utilitarian value implicit in this exhibition, essentially devoted to the demonstration of fine craftsmanship—its healthy repercussion on industrial design.

IVES AND RUGGLES

(Continued from page 399)

constitute the varied musical traditions of the United States.

It has been said of Ives that he has created an American musical idiom. This claim will not stand. We have long had American idioms of folk and of popular music. Still, we have no American idiom of fine art music; nor has Ives made one. It is to be doubted that any one man could make a musical idiom any more than he could make a linguistic idiom. Idioms must grow over a period of time. Like a style in an idiom, an idiom is a communal production.

The mere introduction of American folk and popular material into a fine art fabric otherwise of clearly international and eclectic character does not make an American style or idiom. Nor does the juxtaposition or *mélange* of styles and idioms do so. But these experiments undoubtedly constitute preliminary steps toward the eventual making of an American idiom of fine art music and hold the promise of a series of personal stylizations on the way to that goal. Easy! Of course, they are easy; quite in contrast, let it be said, to the difficulty of much of the stylization we have known during the past thirty years. It is time more ease were attached to fine art music, to the listening as well as to the composing and playing of it! Is it not time we came to realize that as with stylization and *mélange*, ease and difficulty each has something to be said for it, and that after a plenty of one, something of the other is in order?

The third innovation for which Ives is to be distinguished is more technical, yet even wider in its implications. By a theory of "musical perspective" I refer to a systematic ordering of the relationships between various levels in a composition, as for example: foreground, strong; middle ground, less strong; background, soft. In Ives' own words, "Music seems too often all foreground," or again, "A band playing *pianissimo* across the street is a different sounding thing from the same band playing the same piece *forte*, a block or so away." Composers have made use of these facts for many years, but usually in succession, one after another, or occasionally in a set piece, as Mozart did in the minuet in *Don Giovanni*.

Ives takes not only different dynamic levels in his tonal strands, but also different time sequences, and treats them as units whose simultaneous hearing does not imply exact coincidence except at the start. Thus he brings out the apart-

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sounding rather than the together-sounding of his strands. This type of polyphony ("many-sounding" or "many-voiced") represents an impressionist version of what is called heterophony ("apart-sounding"). It contains two very different implications. On the one hand it leads to a modicum of independence for the performer; sometimes allows him several alternatives, sometimes a chance to invent an alternative, in order to make his part in the ensemble the more separate-sounding and hence throw the other parts, as well as his own, into "musical perspective." On the other hand, it leads to a closer observation of the sounds of everyday life and thence into the envisaging of an entirely new branch of musical art—"sound-painting."

Onomatopoeia in music has been, almost invariably, so highly formalized that it can truly be said we have in music no counterpart of representational painting as in landscape, still-life or portraiture. At a time when abstraction has been appearing in the arts of representation is it not significant that a tendency toward representation is appearing in the most abstract of all the arts—music? Before Ives, Wagner had gone a short step toward this type of musical art. Richard Strauss, in the creaking of the windmill and the flock of sheep in *Don Quixote*, gave us our first successful phonographic realism for the modern orchestra. Later, Honegger at the beginning of *Pacific 231*. The cinema industry has gone even farther with the acoustical development of phonographic realism of detail; but to the best of my knowledge it has not as yet developed it in an artistic way. The feeling remains, on the whole, that Ives has thought the problem out in relation to pure or absolute music more thoroughly than any of the above, though at least one other American has covered very much the same ground quite independently.

• • •

YES—AMERICAN MUSIC shows signs of coming of age! Good, strong signs. To speak too confidently of an American fine art of music is premature. Perhaps Ives and Ruggles announce a New England or northeastern regional, rather than a national, art. I am inclined to believe this is a healthy way to look at their work. Some of the best thinking in the country today is in regional terms. In the study of our culture, regionalism represents often a more comprehensible unit than nationalism. It tends to favor mass as against class interests, yet to form a safeguard against jingoism, which in our day is more real a danger than most of us realize. Certainly a development of regional styles seems to offer us a far broader and sounder base for musical development in this large country than the premature striving for a national style, with its inevitable concentration in a few large cities.

Definition of regionalism in fine art music must, of course, be based upon both extrinsic and intrinsic factors. Place of birth, of study or of productive life can associate any composer with a region and give superficial classification to his work. We shall have to await broader, style-critical studies before we can unhesitatingly designate as regional the particular

characteristics of one group or type as over against others. Yet we cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that the two composers who have made the most outstanding contributions to our fine art of music in the twentieth century were born and have studied and composed entirely in the northeast region—the region which shows the most substantial development of fine art in the country.

Ruggles would probably deny that his work shows any national or regional characteristics. It might still, to the rest of us, do so. But with Ives the case is otherwise. Not only does he utilize the tunes made dear to us by generations of New England village bands, church choirs and fiddlers, but he ponders for years upon the problem of communicating by means of music a content homologous to the transcendentalism of the New England men of letters—Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne and the Alcotts. In his extraordinary *Essay Before a Sonata* he speculates upon the complicated relations between modern musical form and a content dealing with New England and its history. But his music belies the antiquarianism of his literary work. It is thoroughly twentieth, rather than nineteenth, century, though there may be in it, as in Ruggles' work, more than a mere flavor of that "nostalgia for the infinite" which runs through so much of New England letters.

Definition of either regionalism or nationalism in fine art music depends, however, not upon the composer alone. Acceptance by the people at large, or at least by a ponderable group, is of as great or greater importance.

In their personal lives both Ives and Ruggles were close to the common man. Both were typical Americans. Personally either could have commanded a wide following. Yet their music was, and still is, away above the heads as well as the hearts of their countrymen. The qualities which remove it from general circulation are not, however, the essential contributions for which we value it. The extremely dissonant texture, the whimsical if not haphazard form and the very great difficulty of performance, which rebuff and defeat even the most willing non-professional listener, could I believe, be replaced with materials bearing a closer relationship to the musical vernacular of plain, everyday America—the idioms of our folk and popular music.

Couched in some such terms, freed of the backward look and directed to a concrete, living audience (instead of to no particular audience at all), this music would be more widely seen to be the first real budding of an American fine art of music. A number of the younger composers have already seen this. We may expect the results to follow soon. The lesson Ives and Ruggles have taught them is a hard one to learn for those brought up, as most of them were, in the genteel tradition of American music. It is a veritable writing upon the wall whose inexorable truth is only beginning to be realized; if we are to sing America we must use a medium America can understand.

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Correction

The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci, arranged, translated and annotated by Edward MacCurdy, reviewed last month (p. 370) by Dr. Walter Friedlaender was published by Reynal and Hitchcock, *not*, as stated, by the Oxford University Press. It is priced at \$15, *not*, as stated, at \$20.

NEWS AND COMMENT

(Continued from page 427)

Taste and Opportunity

IN HIS DELIGHTFUL introduction to the catalog for the exhibition of works from New England private collections now at the Boston Museum, Mr. Mark Antony de Wolfe reviews the subject of taste in New England for over a century.

Going on the premise that "the furnishing of the habitations of men bears an inevitable resemblance to the furnishing of their minds," he finds that "taste and opportunity have advanced, even during the past century, beyond all calculations that were possible when the Athenaeum exhibits were first winning their fruitful place in the artistic life of the community." This was around 1827, when the Boston Athenaeum, now primarily a library, began to hold annual shows wherein private individuals, artists and "collectors who wished to sell their wares" exhibited together with amiable impartiality. Enthusiasm ran high: "the sensitive spirits of both sexes fluttered with excitement."

Some years copies were more plentiful than originals. But the sponsors were not too critical. In 1830 the Committee saved itself from possible embarrassment by the following announcement: "The Committee have not undertaken in any instance to designate the names of the Authors of Works ascribed to the Old Masters, but have invariably adopted the names indicated by their respective owners." This practice, we may add, did not cease in 1830, or in 1930 either.

BLUE HILLS OF PETERBOROUGH

(Continued from page 401)

with startling clearness the image of a tall girl who had written verses in that studio, including autobiographical lines about having "Gone quietly and ecstatically crazy, Among the blue hills of Peterboro." David Diamond still claims that he knew nothing of the earthly likeness of Elinor Wylie when he described the puzzled grey ghost of that summer afternoon.

Almost every day brought an anecdote of the ubiquitous American tourist. Three ladies deserving of an immortality which only an expert cartoonist could confer tiptoed into the studio of a distinguished artist, east-side born and east-side bred. "Look! An artist at work," they whispered, worshipping until his gangster-inspired snarl, "Tink o' dat!," drove them fluttering in panic from the doorway. The story of the obviously executive gentleman who demanded to know "if this here MacDougall Colony has any tie-up with the Alice Foote MacDougall coffee business" was offset next day by the deeply moved lady who asked me if I could direct her "to the house of dreams." Her scorn at my ignorance was equalled only by my enlightenment when I remembered MacDowell had written introductory verses to his *Log Cabin Suite* which began "It is a house of dreams untold" and realized she wished to see MacDowell's studio.

The folklore of the MacDowell Colony during the thirty-one years of its life has grown to be vast and varied. One may

still hear tales of the witty battles between Willa Cather and Julia Peterkin and Frances Newman (she of *Hardboiled Virgin* fame and tragic death), of the night painter Stuyvesant Van Veen broke the marble table in the garden behind the library by performing a satyr's dance on its surface, of the new colonist who demanded breakfast in bed and porterhouse steak for lunch every day and left in high dudgeon upon being refused.

The best tales, however, were always about Robinson. For nearly a quarter of a century he had written all his verse at the Colony. Winters he devoted to research and meditation. In the Peterborough summers great lines moved from his pen in long sequences.

Lanky and taciturn, the author of three Pulitzer-prize volumes of poems, including the remarkably popular success, *Tristram*, was Maine Yankee in more than birth. For no rational cause I remember one pronouncement of his more often than I do others. A number of colonists were seated on the front porch of Colony Hall one soft evening while New Hampshire displayed one of its choicest sunsets. Sprawled on his stomach, his chin resting on his hand while his eyes melancholily sought the hill-cleft horizon, lay a young poet who had tried for a month to convince us that his was a lonely misunderstood soul, too profound for the superficial association we offered. He turned his head that his long white throat, revealed by a Byronic collar, might be appreciated. His eyes had the unhappy far-away look that has long been practiced by the literary charlatans. His whole posture seemed to say that he was suffering as only he knew how to suffer. On the porch Robinson swayed mildly back and forth in a New England rocker. For some time he surveyed the young man silently. Then he said softly, "The ants'll get him."

A summer at Peterborough ends abruptly. I have seen eight of them come to a close now and the procedure is almost always the same. There is a sudden cold night and the mountains turn to brilliant reds and golds. The studio chimneys set up a great smoking and the air is so clear that one may occasionally hear, very faintly, the far away notes of the composers at their pianos in their deep-woods studios. The colonists who are not lucky enough to have endowed fellowships that pay their way (and most of them are not) begin settling accounts with Emil, half shamed-faced as each realizes he has been paying sixteen dollars a week for privileges and comforts he could not buy if he could pay ten times as much.

One night at dinner half the Colony has disappeared. The next night only six or seven are left of the twenty-five who were there a week before. There are a few good-byes, scattered promises, usually unkept, to see each other this winter, calls on Mrs. MacDowell at her hill-crest home to say thank you and farewell. The colonist remembers that he has not seen Mrs. MacDowell since he came, that he meant to see a lot of her, that she must have been pretty busy taking care of him without his knowing it, that he needs the good luck to be invited to come back next year. He has finished his canvas, his symphony, his book. Now to see what the world thinks of it!

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Members of The American Federation of Arts who are going to Europe may have, upon request, a special letter supplementing their membership card, for use in foreign art galleries and museums.

JULY EXHIBITIONS

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Addison Gallery of American Art: The New England Scene by Contemporary New England Artists; to Sept. 17. Paintings by Maurice & Charles Prendergast. Water Colors & Drawings from Permanent Collection; to Sept. 5.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Institute of Modern Art: Contemporary New England Oils; to Sept. 1.

Museum of Fine Arts: Paintings, Drawings & Prints from Private Collections in New England.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Brooklyn Museum: Historic American Popular Arts. Rowlandson's Etching Proofs for Ackermann's "Microcosm of London;" to July 17.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Albright Art Gallery: Summer Show by Local Artist Societies. Recent Acquisitions of Contemporary Art. The Artist in the World—a Visual Analysis.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Fogg Art Museum: New England Genre Painting.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Art Institute of Chicago: Work by Students of the School; to July 9. Sporting Prints & Drawings from Collection of Mr. Joel Spitz; to Oct. 30.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Cleveland Museum of Art: Coralie Walker Hanna Memorial Exhibition; to Oct. 29. Three Centuries of American Architecture; to Aug. 20. Wheaton College Architectural Drawings; to July 11. Contemporary Prints; July 5-Oct. 1. Flower & Fruit Prints, 18th & Early 19th Centuries; to July 16.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center: Mural Designs Executed under Treasury Department Art Project. Recent Paintings & Drawings by Boardman Robinson.

DAYTON, OHIO

Dayton Art Institute: Work of the School. Oriental Collection.

DENVER, COLORADO

Denver Art Museum: 45th Annual Exhibition; July 5-Aug. 22.

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA

Museum of Northern Arizona: Hopi Indian Art.

GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Gloucester Society of Artists: 1st Exhibition; to Aug. 1.

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

Neville Public Museum: 4th Annual Rotary Exhibition Southern Printmakers Society; July 5-25.

HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

Washington County Museum: Painting & Sculpture Selected from Permanent Collection; to Oct. 1.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Kansas City Art Institute: Student Work.

LAGUNA BEACH, CALIFORNIA

Laguna Beach Art Association: Members Exhibition; to July 31.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles Museum: William Glackens Memorial Exhibition; to Aug. 27. Loan Exhibition from Collection of Dr. & Mrs. Leslie Maitland; to July 31.

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Currier Gallery: Midsummer Exhibition of Paintings, Prints & Sculpture by Artists of Maine, New Hampshire & Vermont; July 6-Sept. 25.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Milwaukee Art Institute: Comprehensive Exhibition of Permanent Collection.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Newark Art Museum: Tibetan Exhibition.

Japanese Art. Joseph Stella Retrospective.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Yale University Gallery of Fine Arts: New England Silver.

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT

Lyman Allyn Museum: New England Architecture of Three Centuries.

NEW YORK CITY

American Academy of Arts & Letters: B'way & 155 St.: Paintings & Etchings by Childe Hassam. American Painting & Sculpture.

American Museum of Natural History: 77 St. & 8th Ave.: Primitive & Native Arts; to Nov. 1.

Arden Gallery: 460 Park Ave.: Chinese Objects from Imperial Palace; to Oct. 28.

Argent Galleries: 42 W. 57 St.: General Exhibition National Association Women Painters & Sculptors; July 1-31.

Babcock Galleries: 38 E. 57 St.: Paintings by 19th Century & Contemporary American Painters.

Bignou Gallery: 32 E. 57 St.: 20th Century French Painters & Picasso.

Contemporary Arts: 38 W. 57 St.: All Nations in America; to July 31.

Downtown Gallery: 113 W. 13 St.: American Painting & Sculpture.

Ferargil Galleries: 63 E. 57 St.: Twenty-five Years of American Art.

Folk Arts Center: 670 5th Ave.: American Folk Art.

Grand Central Galleries: 15 Vanderbilt Ave.: Founder's Show; to Nov. 7.

Grant Studios: 175 MacDougal St.: Prints, Drawings & Sculpture by Twenty-five Artists.

Kraushaar Galleries: 730 5th Ave.: Modern French & American Paintings.

Lillienfeld Galleries: 21 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Cézanne, Renoir, Derain, Lautrec & Others; to Sept.

William Macbeth: 11 E. 57 St.: Group Exhibition by American Painters.

MacDowell Club: 166 E. 73 St.: Work by MacDowell Fellows; to Sept. 30.

Pierre Matisse: 51 E. 57 St.: Summer Exhibition by French Moderns.

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 5th Ave. & 82 St.: American Life for Three Hundred Years; to Oct. 29. Contemporary American Paintings; to Oct. Prints from Warburg Collection; to Oct.

Milch Galleries: 108 W. 57 St.: Group Show by Kroll, Bruce, Sterne, Etnier, Speight, Brackman & Others.

Charles Morgan Galleries: 37 W. 57 St.: Oils, Water Colors & Lithographs by American Artists.

Morgan Library: 29 E. 36 St.: Special Exhibition from Permanent Collection.

Morton Galleries: 130 W. 57 St.: Water Colors by American Artists.

Museum of Modern Art: 11 W. 53 St.: Art in Our Time.

New York Public Library: 5th Ave. & 42 St.: New York of Yesterday. Recent Addition to Print Collection. American Graphic Arts. 400 Years of French Book Illustration.

Georgette Passedoit: 121 E. 57 St.: Retrospective Exhibition.

F. K. M. Rehn Gallery: 683 5th Ave.: Paintings by Rehn Group.

Riverside Museum: 310 Riverside Drive: Contemporary Painting, Sculpture & Applied Arts from 9 Latin American Countries; to Sept. 17.

Robinson Galleries: 126 E. 57 St.: Sculpture in Limited Editions by Contemporary Americans.

Schaeffer Galleries: 61 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Dutch Old Masters.

Sculptors Guild: Park Ave. & 39 St.: 2nd Outdoor Exhibition.

Studio Guild: 730 5th Ave.: Summer Show; to Aug. 5.

Tricker Galleries: 19 W. 57 St.: Contemporary Paintings & Sculpture; to July 30.

Weyhe Gallery: 794 Lex. Ave.: Foreign & American Prints, Original Drawings, Primitive African & Mexican Sculpture, Sculpture by Modern American & European Artists.

Wildenstein & Co.: 19 E. 64 St.: The Great Tradition in French Painting; to Oct. 1.

Ogunquit, MAINE

Art Center: 17th Annual National Exhibition

Painting, Sculpture & Etchings.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia Museum: Chinese Art. Winslow Homer Water Colors; to Sept.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Carnegie Institute: Paintings by Pittsburgh Artists; to July 31.

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Berkshire Museum: Recent Abstract Paintings by Gallatin, Morris & Shaw; to July 23. 2nd Annual Berkshire National Photographic Exhibition; to Aug. 13.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Rhode Island School of Design Museum: Rhode Island Architecture; to Oct. 1.

PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

Provincetown Art Association: 1st Exhibition; July 2-25.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

City Art Museum: International Water Color Exhibition from Art Institute of Chicago.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Seattle Art Museum: Master Graphic Artists. Fuller Oriental Collection. Persian Art. Art of India, Siam, Cambodia & Korea. American & European Painting & Sculpture from Permanent Collection.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Springfield Museum: Western New England Folk Art.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Toledo Museum: Annual Exhibition Selected Contemporary American Paintings; to Aug. 27.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Little Gallery: Exhibition by a Group of Philadelphia Painters. Woodcuts by George Buday; to Aug. 1.

Whyte Gallery: Summer Exhibition; to Sept.

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Worcester Art Museum: Early New England Printmakers.

Important NEWS

for STUDENTS • TEACHERS • SCHOOLS • LIBRARIES • PARENTS

Just Published

ART SCHOOL DIRECTORY

The American Federation of Arts has just issued the first complete Art School Directory of the United States, as a separate, inexpensive reference work.

Until this time, the only art school directory has appeared as a section of the American Art Annual. Selling at \$7 the copy—by necessity—the Annual could not be widely purchased by students, parents, teachers, or even the majority of school libraries.

So the Directory may be easily accessible to its largest audience, it is now to be issued, in extended form, as a separate book. It will also continue to be a feature of the Art Annual.

COMPLETE LIST

Every possible effort has been made to assure an absolutely complete directory. In it, you will find descriptions of profes-

sional art schools, universities and colleges with art departments, architectural and summer schools. And as a special feature, the Art School Directory will include fellowships and scholarships in art, available from 105 sources, with the amount of stipend, qualifications, how to apply.

ALL ESSENTIAL FACTS

All salient data are provided for each school: courses offered, amount of tuition, heads of departments, requirements, terms, enrollment, degrees offered and credits.

WORKING TOOL

The Directory has been designed as a working tool for teachers and libraries and schools. For students and for parents, it is an indispensable guide to the selection of an art school.

- PROFESSIONAL ART SCHOOLS
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Note: If you own a copy of the American Art Annual, Volume 34 (\$7 the copy), you do not need this separate Directory, although enlarged.

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INTERESTING ILLUSTRATED LECTURES FOR ART ACTIVITY PROGRAMS

THE Federation's Illustrated Lectures are planned for those schools, clubs, study groups, art associations and smaller organizations which cannot normally afford trained, personal lecturers. Each lecture is prepared by a qualified expert, illustrated with accompanying lantern slides.

Individuals often use the Lectures to add a spicy and unusual note to entertainments. They are entertaining, and at the same time, instructive. Best of all, the lectures are easy to use. The only equipment required is a stereopticon and a screen — both of which may be rented at a nominal sum in practically every community in the country, if not already owned.

Several interesting lectures are described below. A complete catalog is available upon request, without cost.

THE ART OF ANCIENT EGYPT

By Herbert E. Winlock, former Director, Metropolitan Museum of Art

A consideration of the Egyptian race as a pioneer in human culture, struggling up from barbarism to high accomplishment; and a plea for the Egyptian as a human being, through a study of his daily life. Illustrated by the collection of Egyptian antiquities in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. 50 slides

the development of the art of painting in Western Europe to the point of emergence of the modern schools. 35 slides

PORCELAIN

By Charles Fergus Binns, Ceramist

A review of the various types of porcelain—material and technique, with special reference to design. Brief notes on the history of the craft beginning with its discovery in the Chinese Empire, and its adoption and development in Italy, Germany, France and England through the 19th century. 50 slides

MEXICAN ART AND ITS BACKGROUND

By René d'Harnoncourt

An interpretation of the art of Mexico by one who knows it well, with a delightful description of the background of the country. Slides of views of the land and the people; the architecture, painting, sculpture and applied arts in all their rich variety. 45 slides

FOR CHILDREN

THE TOURNAMENT OF A DUKE OF BURGUNDY

By Anna Curtis Chandler

A story of two children and Hans Memling, with the colorful city of Bruges in the 15th century as a background. A ducal tournament, described through the eyes of children of that day, is made the key to an understanding and appreciation of the brilliant art of that period. 33 slides

THE ARTIST SEES DIFFERENTLY

By Duncan Phillips, Director, Phillips Memorial Gallery

A comparative survey of different points of view and methods in painting, contrasting theoretical and lyrical abstractions, art from inner compulsions with art practiced as an end in itself, and the Classic and Romantic. 40 slides

TERMS

Lectures rent for the nominal fee of \$5 for one performance; \$2.50 for each succeeding performance of the same lecture. Chapters, and Active Members of the Federation, may use two each year without fee. Associate Members are entitled to a 50% discount. Transportation, which is inexpensive, is paid by the user.

GREAT PAINTINGS BY OLD MASTERS

By Professor Will Hutchins, Head of Art Department, American University

A talk about pictures which everyone should know, covering



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